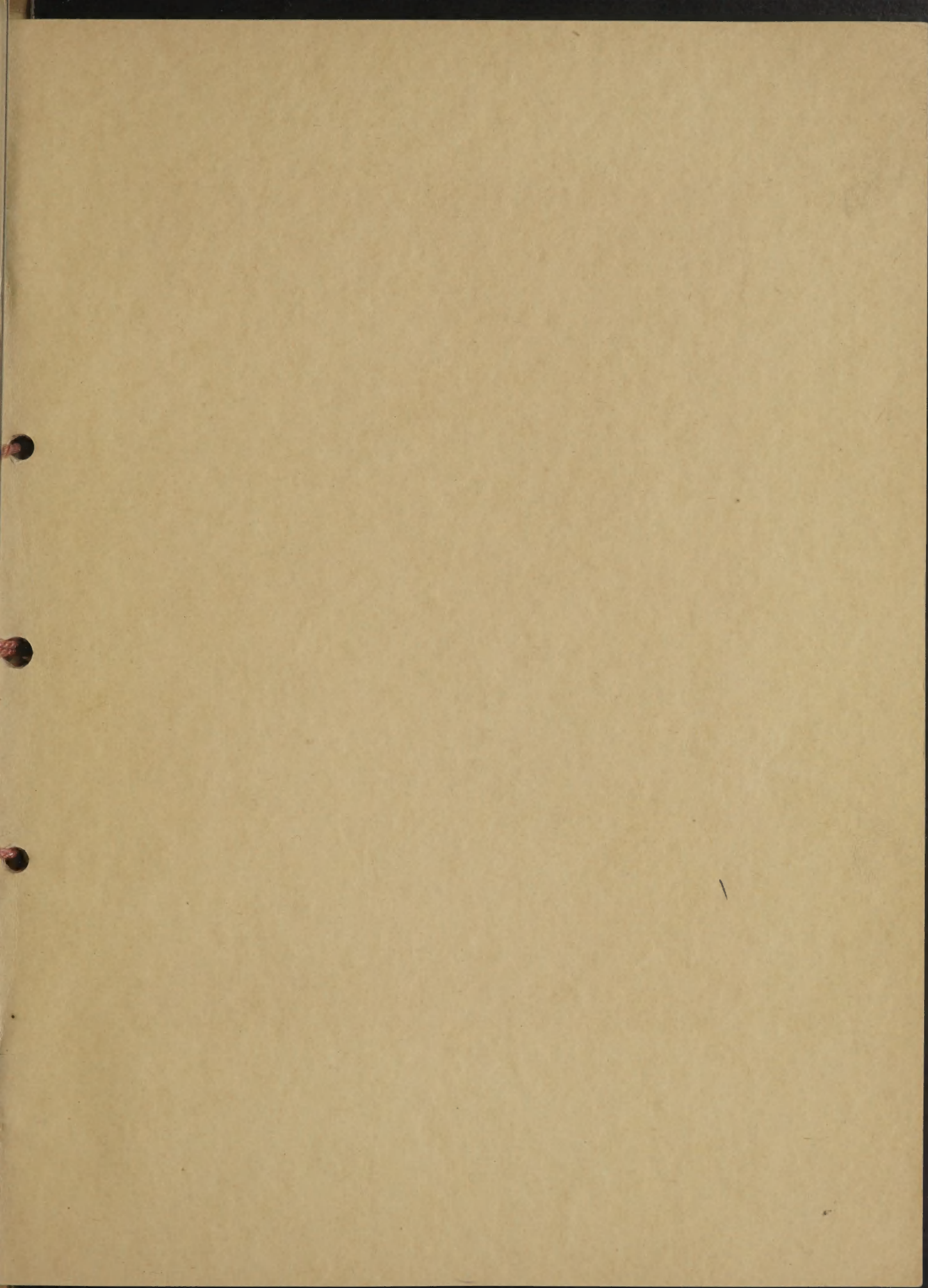


SECRET
CLASS





A SUMMER AFTERNOON.

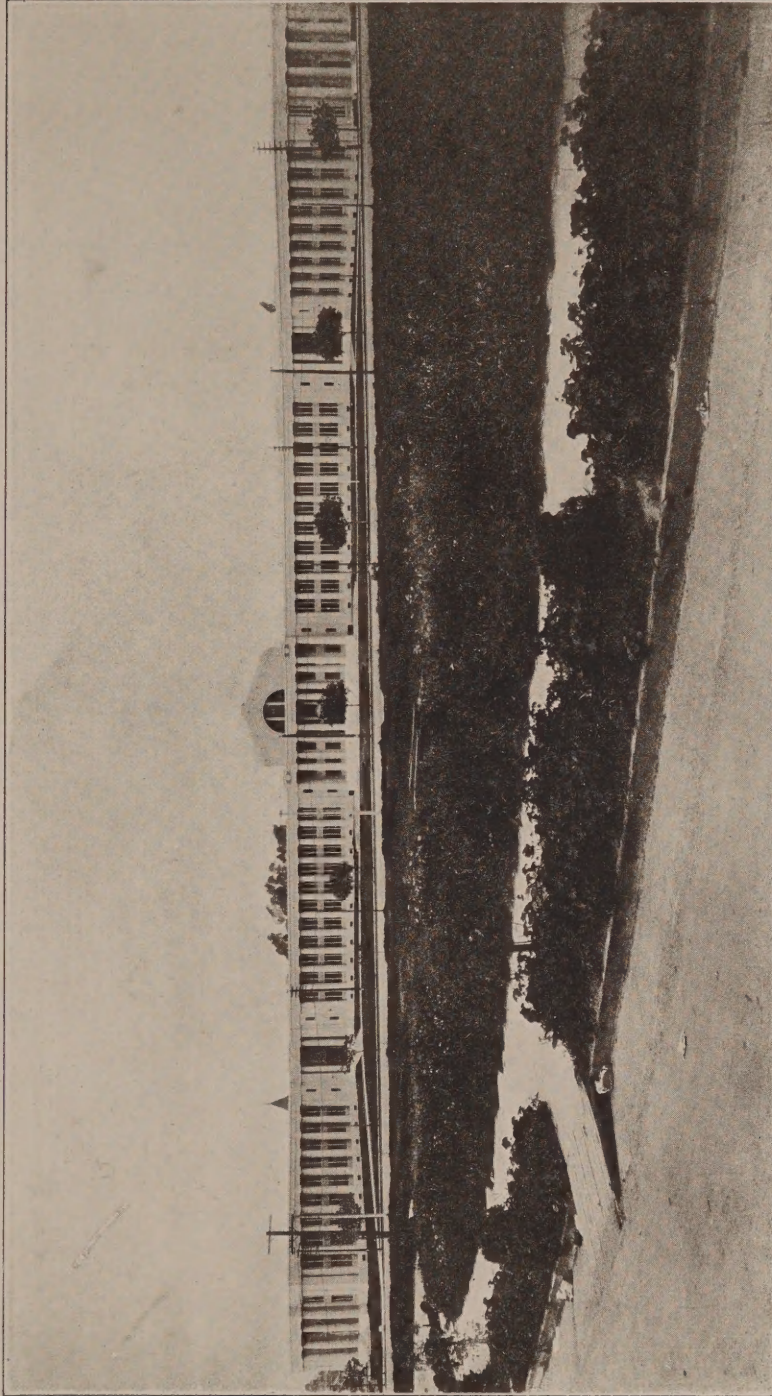
From the painting by Goddard Gale



TO · OUR · PARENTS

WHOSE · CARE · AND · SACRIFICE
HAVE · MADE · POSSIBLE · ALL · THAT
THIS · VOLUME · REPRESENTS
WE, · THE · CLASS · OF · JUNE · 1916
AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATE · IT





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Samuel Herman

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CLASS SCRIBE STAFF—Back row—Milton Earley, Leslie Eagar, Herbert Mathieson, Ruth Gleason, Samuel Herman
Front row—Will White, Elmer Schwarz, Edith Case, Augustus Gerlach, Sherman Storer

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Addison Parry

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Myrtle Marshall
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Cora Pedersen
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Grant Du Bois
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Irene Pollok
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Macie Kenney



Ruth Morton
Victor Neilsen
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Elizabeth Cooper
Francis Coyle

Harry Hennings

Harold Weeks
Augusta Davie
Vernon Ferry



THE TECHNICAL GIRL.

CLASS HISTORY



AND it came to pass that in the fall of the year of our Lord 1912 there entered an old, but noble building on Twelfth and Market Streets in the city of Oakland, some two hundred students, termed by their elders, "Freshies."

Now these "Freshies" were put into the charge of Miss Hampel who bestowed upon them much good advice. Following this advice and the example set by their elders, they produced satisfying reports and the girls' Freshman team was awarded numerals for basketball victories.

Arriving at the age of "Sophs" they tugged the Freshmen over the "Poly Campus" (the middle of Market street) in a tug of war.

They became Low Juniors, organized and elected Milton Earley president, and Lucy Bradley secretary. A class luncheon featured by toasts, solos, and good things to eat was followed by an informal dance.

And as the years rolled by some of the original members left the class and some new ones entered, until, in the fall of the year 1915 as Low Seniors they were the largest class in the history of the school. Colors of old rose and white and distinctive pins were adopted. A concert by the University of California Glee Club was held by the class in the school auditorium with the High Seniors as guests of honor. An informal dance in the girls' gym followed to further honor the upper class.

As High Seniors, members of the class were prominent in all the organizations and activities of the Student Body. Early in the term the High Senior girls held a successful candy sale for the benefit of the rest room fund. On May 6th a tug ride on the good ship "Zone" to El Campo was a jolly and lively event, from the casting off at the home wharf to the return by moonlight as the musicians played "Perfect Day." As guests of the Low Seniors on the 13th of May, the class was entertained at the Nile Club.

Last and the best of all, came the Senior Farewell dance at the Claremont Hotel when everything was done to carry out the class color scheme and to make it the most original and successful dance of the term. And so with colors flying and music playing the rest of the school joined in with the graduates to make it a memorable farewell.

Class Officers First Term

President.....	Guy Calden
Secretary.....	Lucy Bradley
Treasurers	{ Ruth Morton
	{ Claude Girvin

Class Officers Second Term.

President.....	Russell Lindgren
Secretary.....	Rosalie Cogorno
Treasurers	{ Gladys Barnum
	{ Elmer Schwarz

PROPHECY



A.B.

CLASS PROPHECY



WO old graduates of Tech, members of the Class of June '16, met quite by accident on the main thoroughfare of Oakland in the fall of 1925. Not having met since graduation, they decided to spend the evening together and discuss their old classmates. After dining, they visited the apartments of a well-known seer who made his headquarters in Oakland, in order to find out what had become of their old classmates.

The seer had a large crystal into which he looked intently while he spoke as follows:

"The vision clears and I see a woman—it is Myrtle Marshall—she is studying the violin in Berlin. Louise Jorgensen is also in Berlin where she is conducting a ballet school.

I see in New York Gladys Barnum, who is the leading lady in Ziegfeld Follies, and Elizabeth Cooper who is a star in the Famous Players. Edith Case and Grace Wilson are conducting a bookstore in Brazil, and Edith Sterne is in the Philippines lecturing to the Igorrote women on the political and social emancipation of women.

I see now the busy streets of Oakland. A large store bearing the name of Mlle. Silverman's Select Shop of Parisian gowns and novelties attracts my eye. The Vercelli Dramatic School occupies the top floor of the Trust Building, and Allison Parry, the national secretary for the W. C. T. U., has her offices in the building. I see the department store of H. C. Capwell & Co. where Frieda Weber is employed as head buyer and has just returned from a trip to Paris. Also, Irene Pollok, who is designing some of the gowns.

I see the University of California—there are Macie Kenney and Anita Coffey helping Mr. Ayres in his chemical research work, and Ruth Gleason, an instructor in girls' athletics.

I see now—Muir Glacier in Alaska where Helen Egan is leading a hiking expedition and Augusta Davie is managing it. Amy Gordon is teaching in Nome.

I see—I see a large pig ranch and its owner, Lucy Bradley is known as the woman hog producer of California. Her ranch is called "Hog Wallow." Blanch Meyers and Armida Bignami, the famous women detectives, have succeeded in finding her lost hogs that were stolen last summer.

I see in the South—Marguerite Dwyer as a social secretary for a multi-millionaire. and Cora Peterson, private secretary of a prominent

society woman. In the column of a daily paper is the wedding announcement of Alice Buteau, written by Rosalie Cogorno, society editor.

I see again in Oakland—Katherin Mills and Ethel Pryor in their remarkable ballet offering at the Macdonough, and Hazel Nisbet and her family in the audience. Now I see Oakland Technical High School where three of your class are teaching—they are Bernice Arnold, Ruth Morton, and Adelaide Harlow who is the head of the domestic arts.

He gazes thoughtfully into his crystal, then continues:

Now appear before me the former boy graduates.”

“I see a great institution of learning. It is Harvard University. I see two learned professors engaged in deep consultation. One is Prof. Skinner, the other, Prof. Connitt. The scene shifts. It is the stage of a high class vaudeville theater. I see a young man named Nelson, billed as the greatest since Paderewski, giving a piano recital. The curtain falls. It rises again and I see the great Shakespearian actor Walde-mar Neilsen, next on the program. He presents a few scenes from his most famous successes. Again the curtain falls and an entirely different setting takes form. It is the political world, and immediately the name of Herbert Garcia comes before me. He is one of the most powerful men in the country, the Speaker of the House of Representatives. I move across the Atlantic and I find the name of Russell Lindgren, American ambassador to Sweden. I come back to our own State and I see the name of Mayor Sam Phillips of Sacramento.

Now I seem to be wandering among athletic luminaries. I see “Bob” Hutchison making a reputation for himself and club as athletic director of the Oakland Y. M. C. A. I find the name of Milton Earley prominent among the sporting writers of the land. He writes for the Hearst papers and seems to be busily engaged in giving publicity and attention to “Knockout” Jessen, the young lightweight champion. And now I see other well known names in the journalistic field. I see James Cleary as editor of the Kansas City Star, which is owned and managed by Milton Bulkley. Going farther east I find Charles Horton as the cartoonist of the New York American. And serving not only these, but all of the important newspapers in the United States is a great firm, the International Film Service, of which Samuel Herman is the head.

Once more the scene changes and I am in the business section of this city. I pass by a huge department store which bears the name of Louis Lesser and Company. Next door is an immense grocery store, the largest and finest in the West, and only one of the many stores of R. S. McDonald and Company. Next to this is a smaller, but very well equipped

store devoted to the hair goods business. Over the door is the name of T. Mooney. Farther up the street, I come to a large bank and office building containing the Schwartz Security Bank. The list of tenants in its offices contains the names of Grant Du Bois, broker, Marcus Crocker, head of the Crocker Matrimonial Agency, and Harold Weeks, the architect. Part of the ground floor is occupied by the offices and agency of Carl Riegelman, the famous traveler, and head of the "Riegelman Tours for Tired Teachers." Next door is the Reid Drug Company of which Kenneth Reid is the head.

I pass from the business district now and seem to be getting into the Auto Row. I come to a magnificent building, and, in large letters over the ground floor I see the title, "Complex Motor Co., Guy Calden, local distributor." Gazing through the plate-glass windows of the spacious agency I see Mr. Calden himself explaining the superiority of the Complex Car to Ross Mack, the president of the Mack Music Company. A few blocks below there is a beautiful park and here a large crowd is gathered, listening to Vernon Ferry's Band. After passing to the manufacturing district I see the Chevrolet Automobile factory where Francis Weaver is chief engineer and Fritz Schuler his assistant. Across the way is the Harley Davidson motorcycle factory of which Robert Fones is chief engineer."

The seer rubs his hand over his eyes once or twice.

"The vision is growing rather disconnected and vague," he says. "I seem to see the United States Army with Major-General Bryan Shidler in command, also Walter Welch, head of the wireless department of both the Army and Navy. I am getting rather confused. I seem to be in the tropics, in Guatemala. I find the name of a great mining engineer here, Vernon Taylor. The vision now takes me back to our own country again and I see a prosperous looking farm. The owner, Francis Coyle, is standing on the wide veranda of the house talking to Walter Bolles, a tramp who has applied for work on this farm. He seems—ah! The vision has faded. I can reveal nothing further to you, my friends.

LESLIE EAGAR.
WALTER BOLLES.



LITERARY



STEVE MADDEN, SHERRIFF

By J. Wilbur Eber



LONGFELLOW has said that the setting of a hope is like the setting of the sun. If this is so, it should cause no great grief or anxiety, for what is more promising and hopeful than the colored sky at the close of day? There is scarcely a person who has not heard that a red sunset is a positive indication of a bright, clear morrow. We watch for it at twilight and rejoice when we see the flame color spreading over the horizon. And it was so with the girl, who sat on a horse on an old mountain trail, her lips parted and her eyes half closed, as she breathed deeply the pure air and watched the beautiful sky.

Soft, billowy clouds, their edges a faint rose shading into delicate pink and white, floated around in a semi-circle, where the great, fiery sun had disappeared from sight. Nearer the horizon the color was a vivid red—that red which when painted in pictures appears exaggerated, but fascinating and beautiful at times. Here and there it was streaked with yellow and brilliant orange, giving a hint of the oriental. To the east the mountains were purple, the rocks showing against them a dull red.

Far away to the north the last rays of the departed ball shone on snow-capped peaks, bringing out a contrast with the hazy blue of the hills.

At sunset, as at moonrise, we see things in a different light: everything is changed and we regard both in awe. It was so with the girl.

"King," she breathed to the horse, "isn't it beautiful? Why, it looks almost sacred. I feel that we human beings have no right to watch it, for it seems but for the gods. It wouldn't be very surprising to see Diana floating down from yonder peak, or to see Neptune waving his arms above that mountain lake, would it? You'd rather expect it, wouldn't you, King?" And her voice trailed off into a whisper.

The colors were gradually fading, and mellow twilight began to creep in. The trees in the distance grew black and their outlines melted into the shadow. The winding trail down the mountain could still be discerned faintly, but here and there it was lost completely in the shadows of the thick brush. The splendor of the day was dying. The silent darkness creeping in and the muffled whir of the night hawks seemed a death knell of the parting day.

The girl shivered slightly and pulled the reins.

"Come, King," she said, "it's getting late." The horse understood, and with the sure-footedness of a mountain goat, the animal picked his

way slowly down the dim, rocky path. The trail was narrow, barely three feet wide in some places, but the horse was sure and the girl unafraid. After many turns and much careful walking, the valley trail was reached, and, with a soft measured tread, the horse's feet sank into the moist earth.

Darkness was setting in fast, and she urged the animal forward with a gentle pressure of the reins.

In silence, now and then broken by the hoot of an owl, she found herself uttering those touching lines from "Crossing the Bar."

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me——"

She paused, and in that pause, a beautiful melody from the opera "Il Trovatore," carried by a rich tenor, floated to her through the trees.

"Ah, I have sighed to rest me,
Deep in the quiet grave,
Sighed to rest me.
But all in vain I crave,
Oh, fare thee well,
My Leonora, fare thee well."

She stopped her horse, straining her ear to catch the notes of the plaintive song, and, as the last clear note died away, she sat staring into the black trees trying to pierce the dense foliage, to discern the singer behind it. But it was futile, so she urged her horse on, alert to every sound.

As she pushed King toward the lake, which she had seen from the mountain, a man arose from the ground. The girl was startled for an instant, but she soon recovered herself.

"I beg your pardon," she addressed him, "but was it you who sang just a moment ago?"

The moon was shining on his face and she saw him nod.

"It was beautiful," she murmured, "I have not heard such music in years, and it sounded so good to me."

She smiled, then continued hesitatingly:

"I wonder if you would sing it again for me. There are times, you know, when you feel that heavy feeling coming over you—that forerunner of the blues."

A curious scene; a lake, a full moon, a man and a girl, the latter asking a favor of a person she had never seen before. Stranger things have happened though, and it seemed in keeping with the rest, when the man straightened his shoulders, threw back his head and repeated the song. The girl listened for every part, her lips parted and her soul shining in her eyes. They rested for a moment, the man standing there beside her horse.

"I thank you very much," she said, and, when he did not answer, she added, "You didn't mind my asking you?"

He looked her squarely in the eyes and shook his head.

"No, I didn't mind. It rather touched my vanity," and then he laughed. It was one of those low, deep laughs which seem to originate in the chest, and gradually rise to the lips and eyes,—the kind that makes your own eyes wrinkle at the corners. One could not mistake the character of the person who owned it.

"We are all burdened with a bit of vanity anyway," he went on; "one has but to touch the secret spring to reveal us as we really are."

"I believe you're right," she said at length. "It's the supreme test that proves the 'stuff' we are made of. She was studying the man closely, her eyes narrowed to needle points. Quite suddenly she swung herself from her horse, and going over to his side, grasped him firmly by the wrist.

"Gene French," she said in a low tone but very distinctly, "I place you under arrest."

"And by whose authority?"

She threw back her coat and for an instant a silver star flashed in the moonlight.

"As sheriff of.....County, Wyoming." She was all business now, and not a sign of the former mood was in evidence.

He looked at her with new interest.

"Steve Maddan, eh?"

She nodded, and he continued to gaze at her, his free hand resting on his hip.

"So you're the noted and bragged of Steve Maddan! The terror of the outlaws, and the savior of.....County." He laughed and turned away.

"And to think Gene French was taken so unawares," he confided to the lake. Well it's always the unexpected that happens."

She had released his wrist and now he held out both hands, waiting for her to snap on the handcuffs. The sheriff ofCounty hesitated. She had not expected this badly reputed gambler and lawbreaker to yield so graciously.

"You will not take advantage if I do not?" she inquired, her eyes on his face.

"I give you my word of honor I will not," he replied.

"I'll take you at your word."

She reached for her bridle and prepared to mount.

"Have you a horse here?"

He laughed, his brows elevated. "And have you ever heard of a full-

fledged outlaw who does not have a horse, and a gun about his person?"

"Oh! guns, to be sure." The song had utterly upset her. She was about to ask him for his firearms, but it seemed useless, when he had given his word not to take advantage of his freedom.

"I have no guns," he said. It was strange, but she did not doubt him. Again she asked him if he had a horse, and without answering her, he gave a short whistle. There was a crackle of twigs, and a horse came through the trees, straight toward the man..

"Well, it happened, Pilot," he said to a spotted brown and white pony, that had now come to a stop. "We are in the hands of the law now—caught by a slip of a girl." He seemed wholly unconscious of any presence other than that of the horse. "If I had not sung that song, Pilot, we would have been across the border by morning; but we have to face the music now, and there is no use kicking." He drew a long breath and turned to the girl.

"We are ready."

With a swift movement she mounted her horse. He followed her example and together they made their way down the valley, the captor and the captive. Neither spoke.

She was wondering how this frank, open-faced man could have held up an express train, killed two people, and made a clean get-away with ten thousand dollars. At moments when the moon shone on his face, she tried to make out lines of selfishness, cruelty and deceitfulness, but nothing on the serene face betrayed it.

The man, in turn, was wondering how this girl—for she could not have been more than twenty-eight—could possibly be the wary Steve Maddan. To be sure, he knew the sheriff of.....County was a woman, but he had not expected to find her so young. He had supposed she was a six-footer, lean and sharp of countenance, wearing chaps, armed to the teeth with guns, and hailing all her friends with an imitation warwhoop. He could not imagine her appreciating "Il Trovatore." "A Hot Time in the Old Town," he would have attributed more to her taste. But his thoughts had misled him, and, instead, he found a well-bred young woman, who recognized good music, whose voice was low, and whose attire was of the simplest sort. Above all, she was straight to the point. He had liked the straight-forward way she had placed him under arrest.

"Why do they call you Steve Maddan?" he asked.

"Well, that's my name."

"But," he argued, "Steve is not a girl's name."

She laughed.

"No, I don't think that it is. One may add a suffix, you know, and

THE SPIRIT OF HIS MUSIC

By Addison Parry



IT WAS at one of those delightfully intimate after-concert teas, which Prof. Munch is so fond of giving, that the question came up. Some one had asked if we thought a person raised in one place could do as good work if transplanted to another.

Pietro Myro said they could and brought up his own life to prove it; and as we looked at him lolling in his chair before the fire, I believe more than half of us agreed with him. If Pietro Myro, violinist and society's pet, ever thought of his Italy he never spoke of it. If he ever dreamed of her sunshine and flowers he never showed it. But little Mrs. Clay who sat opposite me raised her shining face and spoke.

"Oh, yes, I think it would make a difference. There would be something missing in his work. Maybe we all wouldn't notice it, but it would be there calling him back."

Instinctively we glanced at Pietro, but he was looking into the fire and did not turn. Only I, as the rest turned away again, saw him open his mouth as if to speak, and then pause. And in that pause someone else spoke up.

"What do you think about it, Professor?"

Pietro sank back, the moment had passed, and only I had known about it.

Prof. Munch set down his tea cup and paused. "Yes, I have thought about the same question. I will tell you a story that came into my life a short time ago. Maybe it will settle the question for some of you as it did for me."

And so with the blue light of evening outside, and the red glow of the fire inside, Prof. Munch began the story. Pietro lay in his easy chair, his eyes closed, his expression almost bored, while across from me leaned Mrs. Clay, her brown eyes twinkling and every line on her face aglow.

"One day five years ago a friend of mine, a great hunter and sportsman extended to me an invitation to go on a hunting trip with him. I accepted knowing that a trip with such a man would be worth while. All the known water ways of Canada and the mountain passes were open ways to him. He suggested the region north of the Great Lakes and I readily acquiesced. For a month we tramped about its wildernesses, and we turned the bow of our canoe farther north for we had learned at our last stopping place, an old-time garrison but now more of an Indian reservation, of a camp far up the head-waters of the Ladiour. Few outsiders, we were told, had ever been there; and that in itself incited my

friend. For two weeks we went up the pleasant valley of the Ladiour, and then the farms began to be less frequent and the shrubbery thicker. Three weeks more we struggled up, our guide grumbling and threatening to kill the boy we had hired at the garrison. It was easy to see why the place was not known. It had taken two expert Indian guides and an old time hunter five weeks to reach it. When we did come up on it I was almost disappointed, but my friend was delighted. A half circle of cabins greeted us. In front a totem pole reared its ghastly head. I do not know what would have become of us had it not been for the boy. We were taken in with suspicious looks and mutterings. The people were most primitive. White people had been there, as was seen by the cabins, but everywhere was filth and the lowest form of civilization. I could not sleep that night. I turned on the pile of brush and dirty skins. And then suddenly I seemed to be dreaming. From outside the music of a violin crept in. I sat up and listened. That anyone here should have a violin seemed unbelievable. Finally I rose and tip-toed to the door.

From across the great stillness, that we of a city never know, the notes of a violin came, clear and long drawn out. Cautiously I descended the small incline on the side of the village which sloped to the river and from which the sound seemed to come. When I had reached an open space, I saw the player. He was one of the Indian boys I had noticed in the afternoon, a fine straight young fellow whom I had singled out from the rest. He was leaning against a tree, his violin raised and his head bent. As he drew his bow across the strings all the sounds of the woods seemed to come forth, the waterfall, the wind and the birds. Then suddenly the motiff changed from one of gayety to a great unfathomable longing. In his music, his whole life was laid before me. I saw all the weary struggling, and somehow through it all a ceaseless hope. I stepped forward softly to see the player better and a small stone rolled down the bank. Instantly the player ceased and stood still. I stepped forward. I had no knowledge of the Indian language, but how I wanted to talk to this Indian boy!

"You play well," I said slowly and motioned to the instrument.

He shook his head. "No," he replied clearly, "my father did."

I drew back astonished and he, seeing my look, went on. "This is his violin. He was French."

The boy turned away.

"And a musician?" I called after him.

He turned. "Yes," he replied, "he was a musician. He went away from here when I was five. I do not blame him. He missed the praise that was rightly his."

"And you inherited his talent?" I urged the boy on.

"Talent!" the boy laughed derisively. "I have no talent. I play because I have to talk to some one. They, here, do not understand it. They let me alone."

"But you are different from the rest," I said.

"My father taught me and then Father Moire. He used to visit here a long time ago, but when he died the people, the Indians here, would let no one else come."

I took a step forward; I had somehow, all at once made a resolve.

"Would you like to play as your father used to?" I asked.

The boy looked at me suspiciously.

"Would you like to be famous and play before people," I repeated.

His face lit up. "I think I have always wanted to play before people," he replied.

"If you come with me," said I deliberately, "and work." I hesitated—but the boy's eager eyes were carrying me rapidly on, and I found myself adding, "You will be famous."

The boy's face lighted but immediately he looked away and shifted uneasily.

"But you—you to give me everything and I nothing?"

"You, yes you are to promise that you will never lose the spirit of your own music," I replied. Why I said that, I do not know. A moment later I had forgotten about it. The boy never did. That promise once made, he tried to keep.

And so I took him with me and began his training. The boy's technique was dreadful and he understood nothing about time. Patiently he worked at the long scales I placed before him and always and always I talked technique. And then I was called away. One of my college-mates Hans Von Bucher whom I had not seen for ten years, was sick in San Francisco and had sent for me. I did not want to leave the boy, but I felt that I should.

"I shall miss you," I said at parting, "and shall expect to hear from you."

The boy laughed, "I shall send you all my programs," he said, and I saw then in the light of his eyes that he loved it all. And I was glad I had kept my promise—he was becoming a great player.

It was a year before I again saw my musician as I laughingly called him. Herr Von Bucher became seriously ill after my arrival and begged so earnestly for my presence that I could not leave. At the beginning of my visit I had received a letter about once a week from the boy. He sent me his programs and told me stories of his life, whom he met and how

he was received. In writing back, I preached technique. Then the letters ceased and only programs came and toward the end of the twelve months even these were few and far between. At the first opportune moment I left for home again. All the way the boy was in my mind. I did not telegraph him for I felt that I wanted to surprise him. I hastened at once to the apartment which he and I shared. On the landing before the door I stopped for the boy was playing. It was a selection from William Tell full of scales and hard passages. The boy played it perfectly and I knew that only perfect technique could have rendered the scales. I felt that I had accomplished my end, but somehow instead of being pleased, I was sorry. And then the boy began again, and this time I knew that he was improvising. Once more I saw his woods and birds, and down beneath the violin cried longingly. And then I knew the first piece had been too perfect; there had been no individuality in it. A hundred other boys thus trained could have played the same thing. But this—this piece the boy was playing now, in all the wide world he was the only one who could have done it. I started and opened the door. Quickly the boy laid down the instrument.

"Congratulations," I called, "your 'William Tell' was perfect."

The boy held out his hand and I saw that he had changed. His eyes were dull and his manner listless.

"Why didn't you write oftener?" I asked as I shrugged out of my overcoat.

"Because I did not want to be a hypocrite," turning his back he walked to the window,

"A hypocrite?" I questioned.

Then suddenly he turned.

"I promised you I'd keep the spirit of my music and I haven't," he said simply.

I said nothing. I knew the boy was right and even in my disappointment I respected him. The boy went on.

"The music I play is just a pattern, a pattern made of notes. I thought at first I'd be a hypocrite and go on. I loved the applause so. And then I found out I couldn't. Friend, this bargain hasn't been fair to you. You said you'd make me famous; you said you would teach me and you have. I promised not to lose the spirit of my own music—I have not kept that promise. I must go home and make up to you there, what I have not been able to do here."

I let the boy go and tried to drown my disappointment in the knowledge that he was doing right and was happy. I argued that no one

raised as he had been raised could be happy in society. And what comforted me most was the fact that I knew that which I had given him could never be taken away. I have never seen the boy since, but I know he is happy for he wrote me once soon after he had left, and told me his plans and hopes for his people."

Last month a friend of mine just home from the north stopped in to talk, and incidently he told me of an Indian camp that had just been opened to the whites, through the efforts of one of the Indian boys. He was wildly excited about an Indian musician he found there, and earnestly advised me to bring him to New York, give him a dress suit, and teach him William Tell."

"The spirit of his music was wonderful," he said, "why he'd set New York crazy."

The story came to an end suddenly. Prof. Munch raised his teacup. For a while no one spoke. Then Pietro stirred restlessly in his chair and spoke.

"The boy should have been happy—he was famous—what else did he want? That talk about spirit—bah!"

He got up and walked to the window and we heard him say as he looked out into the snow, "Fame and happiness—they're dreams!"

Little Mrs. Clay leaned forward eagerly.

"Oh don't you see?" she said, "he couldn't be happy here, and happiness was his spirit. The trees and birds were calling him and he had to go to them—he had to go home."

Pietro with his back to us did not move.







DANCE COMMITTEE—Back row—Percy Nelson, Claude Girvin, Chester Clarke, Chairman; Harlan Brown.
Front row—Myrtle Marshall, Gladys Barnum, Margaret Dempsey, Louise Jorgensen.

THE LEAP YEAR DANCE.

Probably no school dance was ever more enjoyed than the Leap Year Dance, the first dance of the term. The Commissioner of Entertainments and the Dance Committee worked hard for the success of this affair and their efforts were rewarded by perhaps one of the largest crowds that ever attended a Tech dance. Everyone who went declared it to be a very enjoyable social event.

The feature of the evening was the "Leap Year Special," which was in the form of a grand march. After marching around the artistically decorated hall the merry dancers engaged in a serpentine battle.

The ball room of the Hotel Claremont made an ideal setting for this event and the music furnished by one of the best dance orchestras to be had helped to make the affair a huge success.

THE JUNIOR PROM.

On April 14, the second dance was held, the Junior Prom. This was the first big Junior event ever held in Tech. The recently organized class showed an abundance of spirit and willingness to help make the dance a success. They gave an afternoon dansant in the girl's gym to raise money in order to have a special Junior stunt. This stunt was in the form of a grand march in which every couple was given a box of candy. The affair was very novel and showed originality on the part of the class.

The music for the evening was furnished by a piano, a banjo, an accordion, and drums, and finer music to dance by could not have been obtained anywhere about the bay cities.

THE SENIOR FAREWELL.

The Senior Farewell this term was an unusually impressive and important event. The fact that the graduating class this term is so large, perhaps made it so important. Like the two preceding dances, it was held in the ball room of the Hotel Claremont. Being in the nature of a farewell, it seemed to bring things to a triumphant close in the way of social events.

The entrancing ball room was decorated in the class colors, old rose and white, with an abundance of greens and ferns from the gardens of the Hotel Claremont.



GIRLS' FRESHMAN RECEPTION.

QUON THE afternoon of Friday, February 11, the much-heralded, much-dreamed of Freshman Reception took place. This is a great social event among the girls, and also seemed to strike the fancy of many of the boys if actions can be taken as proof, as many of them attempted to be present.

The festivities began promptly at 3:15, being opened by a well-rendered selection by the Girl's Band entitled, "Hash."

The next number was "Siegfried Up to Date," a novelty rendered by the choral classes.

Mr. Fisher welcomed the new girls in a talk which was greatly appreciated by old as well as new students.

The next numbers were, "The Evolution of the Rag;" a vocal solo by Adeline Tyrall; "A Tragic Tragedy," and "Girlies and a Mere Man."

The feature of the performance was "A Chinese Pipe Dream." This act was well-rendered and proved to be very entertaining. Mary Eccleston as Sing Song, and Mary Beebe as Coe Dove, carried the leading parts, ably supported by a chorus of "Jappy" Girls and Chinese Boys.

Dancing and refreshments were later enjoyed in the girl's gym.



BOYS' FRESHMAN "RECEPTION."

IN THE morning of February 2, three hundred and fifty freshman boys responded to the call of Jimmie Thoburn and assembled in the boys' gymnasium. Here they were met not only by Jimmie Thoburn, but by the boys' co-operative board who ordered them in line and pinned upon their backs such signs as, "I want mama," "Easy boys, easy," "I want milk," "Ain't I cute?" "The girls love me," "Cutie," and other sentiments and expressions familiar to Freshmen. They were headed by the band and a big banner proclaiming them "Tech Frosh," and marched to the front of the building where they were met by the entire student body and viewed.

They were then marched up the center walks where Mr. Fisher welcomed them on behalf of the faculty. Yell Leader Bobby Smale introduced "Chick" Jordan as proclaimer of the Tech Freshman Oath. A large scroll held by assistant yell leaders Louis Dougherty and "Texas" Robischung was unrolled before them, and, holding up his hand for silence, "Chick" read as follows: As Freshmen of the Oakland Technical High School, you will agree to:

First—Make no attempt to introduce or follow the methods and small practices that marked your grammar school days.

Second—Discontinue trying to be smart alecks and begin to cultivate wisdom.

Third—Seek to know and understand the traditional spirit of Tech. This spirit teaches that no boy is better than another except as he may excel in sports, scholarship or general manliness; that we have no room for shirks, braggarts or snobs; that the finest secret society a boy can belong to is the society that teaches him to mind his own business, attend to his own job and have due regard for every other fellow's rights; in short, not to loaf, carry a grouch, or swell out his chest at the breathing room expense of other students, but to count for something in school.

Fourth—Get out of school and go to work elsewhere as soon as he fails to keep up the Tech standards.

Fifth—To all this we promise and agree, on the peril of forfeiting the regard and membership in the "Great White Company of Technites."

On this the Freshmen held up their right hands, bowed their heads, and solemnly swore to the above oath. After this ceremony the band played a march and the captives were led back to the gym.

The "Reception" was handled by Yell Leader Bobby Smale and was orderly and well managed. He was assisted by the boy's co-operative board and the two assistant yell leaders. The music for the occasion was furnished by the popular band. The Freshmen were all more or less relieved when the trying event was concluded and some were surprised that they were not handled more roughly.

CLEAN-UP DAY.

On Friday, April 7, the semi-annual Clean-up Day took place. At major period the entire student body, under the leadership of the co-operative boards, turned out for the labor day, and every paper and stick was removed.

THE CADET REVIEW.

One of the most interesting events of the term took place on Thursday, March 30, when two companies of cadets were inspected by Major Ryan of the Adjutant-General's office. Promptly at ten o'clock the two companies of khaki-clad youths marched from the Armory to the front of the building. Here they were presented with the colors by Principal P. M. Fisher, commander-in-chief. Following this, the uniformed ranks marched to the parade grounds. Here they were joined by the Cadet Band, the only organization of its kind in the state.

The two companies then stood at attention and were inspected by Major Ryan. Here and there he would take a gun from the grasp of some young soldier, and, after thoroughly inspecting it, would return it.

After the inspection the companies were put through various drills by their commanders. They performed like veterans and earned the praise of every student and teacher. Major Ryan was especially pleased with the manner in which they drilled.

LOUD TIE DAY.

Narrow ties of rope, twine and shoestrings, as well as large ribbon bows of various colors such as purple, gold, green, and every known as well as unknown combination of colors which are "loud" made Tech's Loud Tie Day famous.

Those free at the 11:15 period were led in a parade about the campus by "Chick" Jordan. Those having no class at 12:00 were led in a long and noisy grand march by Bobby Smale, Yell Leader. Many wonderful creations were exhibited.

GREEN DAY.

On St. Patrick's Day, green was the dominating color. Green ties, shirts, stockings, and sweaters were apparent everywhere. "Texas" was the feature of the day, appearing in a pair of green corduroy trousers.

DECEMBER '16.

On Monday morning, March 19, four energetic members of the Class of December '16 gave the school a sudden surprise and the High Seniors a sudden shock by artistically decorating the wall of an adjoining building with the inscription "Dec. '16." The legend was painted in black and white, and the letters were as high as the side of the building would permit their being made. Three days later the decoration was removed at the request of Mr. Fisher, much to the disgust of the Low Seniors and much to the relief of the High Seniors.

THE ALUMNI JYNX.

The Alumni Jynx, which was held in the auditorium on April 7, was given by the Alumni Association for the purpose of raising funds for the new gymnasium. The Association has among its ranks many professional entertainers and actors and they all gave forth their best efforts in an endeavor to start a campaign for a new gym.

MAJOR PERIOD CONCERTS.

The jitney concerts held during the major period are becoming very popular. A large number of students have attended every one given this term and all who had the pleasure of listening to the delightful music were well entertained.

The first concert was given by Senor De Grassi the noted Italian violinist, the second by Senor and Senora Magana, and the third was the High Senior "Pop Concert."



Rev. W. K. Towner

Max Thelen

"I am proud of my father's record, and always boasting about him." So began the Rev. Towner in speaking to the student body on Friday, February 11, at a meeting held in honor of Lincoln's birthday. He related some of the interesting characteristics of Lincoln, and some of the interesting events in the latter's life. This address was well-received by the students, the Rev. Towner's personality especially making a decided impression upon his listeners.

On March 24, Max Thelen, President of the California State Railroad Commission, and a prominent lawyer and statesman related the story of the life struggles of his friend, the late Lieutenant Governor John Morton Eshleman. Mr. Thelen's plain, straight-forward language made it a great pleasure to listen to such a speaker, and the entire student body was greatly impressed with the eulogy on the late Lieutenant Governor.



James Henry McLaren

John Kendrick Bangs

Tech students were accorded a rare treat on Wednesday, March 22 at major period in hearing Dr. James Henry McLaren give a reading of poems of Robert Burns, the eminent Scotch poet. Dr. McLaren wore the quaint costume of the Scotch of Burns' time. He made a very pleasing appearance attired in the Lowlander waistcoat, plain vest, breeches, lace jabot and cuffs, and his Scottish dialect and gestures made the entire reading seem realistic.

"Salubrities I Have Met," was the title of the humorous talk given by John Kendrick Bangs, the famous American humorist and author, on April 5 in the Auditorium. For almost an entire hour the entire assembly of students, teachers, and visitors was kept in continuous laughter. This lecture was one of the most interesting events of the term being the subject of much discussion and laughter for many days afterward.

DRAMATICS

THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION JINX.

THE Athletic Association Jinx seems to have become a regular semi-annual event. Early this term many inquiries were heard asking if there would be another jinx. The Jinx this term came up to the standard set last semester when the President of the Boys' Athletic Association introduced the initial jinx. The performance seems to be a very capable way of adding to the school fund, as about one hundred and ninety dollars were realized this term.

A new idea was introduced in the form of a matinee. This was a jitney performance given for the benefit of the surrounding grammar school students, and for those who were unable to attend the evening performance. Tickets were sold in the grammar schools, and, as a result, several hundred future freshmen attended the afternoon show.

In the evening the auditorium was filled to seating capacity and many people were compelled to stand in the lobby, the crowd was so large. The Jinx this term was managed by Leonard Jordan, President of the Boys' Athletic Association, and Grant Du Bois.

The programs had elaborate purple covers with gold lettering, and the first number was the Avery Brothers. They presented an excellent juggling act, the torch swinging being especially good.

Johnny Black presented an act entitled "The Dress Suit Quartet." His companions were Maupin Maxfield and Edward Gallagher, with Hazel Such at the piano. The act was well received and proved entertaining.

"A Chinese Pipe Dream" with Edith Case and Mary Eccleston in the leads, followed. The choruses of girls proved very attractive.

"The Entertaining Entertainers," Harold S. Girvin and Percy B. Nelson, were again to the front with a skit that was very mirth-provoking and proved as popular this term as last term. Girvin's character impersonations kept the audience in an uproar for fifteen minutes.

Starrett, Robischung and Langstroth provided the scream of the evening. Skip Starrett as a hobo was the last word in comedy. Texas Robischung and Mush Langstroth were Skip's companions in mirth.

During the intermission, a very fascinating chorus of twenty-four girls sold candy for the benefit of the track team.



Louise Jorgensen

Bell, Barrett and Kilgo, the Tech Tumbling Team, provided a few flips and falls and this act proved very popular.

Ring and Swick next presented an entirely new and novel magic act. They introduced several magic tricks of interest.

One of the acts that made a decided hit was the Filipino Panolones, presented by Narciso C. Madera, Francisco C. Jesena and Honorio A. Chicano. They were all dressed alike and rendered several selections on stringed instruments.

Louise Jorgensen's classic dancing act was a fitting climax to the Jinx. The Spanish dance was excellent and the "Tech Special" made a great hit. The whole act showed originality and talent.

A WINTER'S TALE.

A beautiful and wholly artistic presentation of a scene from "A Winter's Tale" by sixty Technical students at the Greek Theater, April 15, won high praise from some of the most exacting critics about the bay.

Under the coaching of Miss Crandall and Miss Marie Allen every one in the cast took their parts to perfection.

Louise Jorgensen as Perdita played one lead and the dance which she rendered was one of the features of the day. Waldemar Neilsen played the other lead in a very talented fashion. The part of the old shepherd was very cleverly portrayed by Marcus Crocker, while Cole Tilly was excellent as Polixenes, the father of Florizel.



SEEN ABOUT THE CAMPUS.

STUDENT OFFICERS



HOLTON



Herbert Garcia



AT A RECENT meeting of the high school principals of California it was made clear that the Technical High School had gone farther in the successful operation of Student Government than any other school in the state. Whether this success is due to our commission form of government, to our decided democratic spirit, or to the help of our principal Mr. Fisher, whose encouragement and co-operation has been of immeasurable value, it is hard to say, but we are inclined to believe that it is all three of the forces working as one.

The most significant value in our practice of Student Government is the opportunity to meet what is perhaps the greatest need of democracy—active, willing participation in the affairs of the group to which one belongs. Our school is a group, with the problems of a community, and it is the solution of these problems by the entire Student Body that fits us for an active community life. In addition to the opportunity to put into operation the meaning of membership in group life, Student Government affords the opportunity to put into practice the principles of sound, democratic character.

With the recognition we have received as an incentive, and the moral teachings derived as our reward, let us strive even harder to perfect our government, ever remembering to have one dominant and omnipotent spirit, "Our Technical, each for all."

As for the administration this term, we have tried to emulate the efforts of our predecessors and upon the expiration of our term of office, we take the opportunity to express our sincere appreciation of the manner in which the Student Body has lent its co-operation.

HERBERT GARCIA,

Student Body President.



EXECUTIVE BOARD.

Chester Clarke
Lucy Bradley
Claude Girvin

Herbert Garcia

Kenneth Reid
Edith Case
James Cleary



BOYS' CO-OPERATIVE BOARD—Back row—Robert Hutchison, Walter Engelbrecht, Harlan Brown, Elmer Schwarz, Russell Lindgren, Robert Patterson, Tyrrell Mooney. Front row—Leonard Jordan, Herbert Garcia.

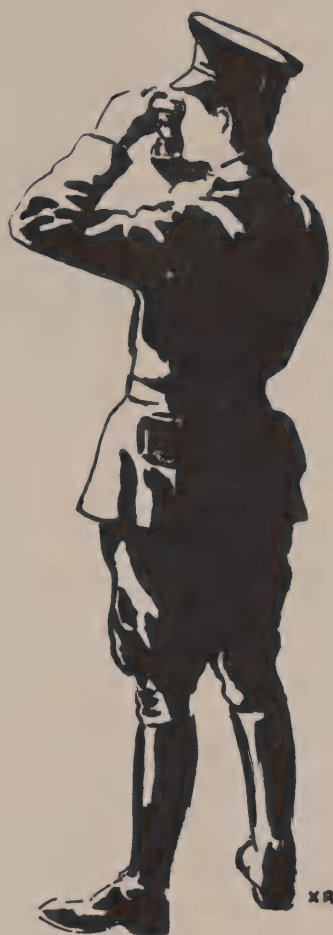


GIRLS' CO-OPERATIVE BOARD—Back row—Eunice Temen, Blanche Meyers, Ruth Morton, Eileen Thorton.
Front row—Louise Jorgensen, Lucy Bradley, Sallie O'Kane.



SCHOOL LIFE.

ORGANIZATIONS





THE CLASS OF DECEMBER '16

President.....	Claude Girvin
Secretary.....	Eunice Temen
Boys' Treasurer.....	Robert Paterson
Girls' Treasurer.....	Vera Lamb

THE Class of December '16 met early in the term and immediately organized, electing officers and appointing committees. A constitution committee was appointed to draw up a constitution which was later adopted. A pin and color committee was also appointed and pins and colors selected. Red and white were chosen as the class colors, while the pin selected was of a very neat and effective design, being fashioned after a shield. A small "T" in the center is set with pearls, the numerals "16" being above.

The High Seniors were entertained at a joint party of the two classes. All the Seniors of the school were present and the evening was greatly enjoyed. Dancing was the feature of the party, while refreshments were later served. A great deal of praise is due the entertainment committee for the great success of the affair.



THE JUNIOR CLASS

Vincent Irish.....	President
Emma Holub.....	Vice-President
Hazel Brown.....	Secretary
Chris Milisich.....	Sergeant-at-arms

THE Junior Class, for the first time in the history of the school, organized March 9, 1916.

The two main events of the term were the Junior Dansant held in the girls' gymnasium on April 4th, and the Junior Prom held at the Claremont Hotel April 14th. Both events were declared successful, and we hope that the Junior Class will become a permanent organization of the school.



THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

President.....Miss Keefe
 Censor.....Alma Young
 General Secretary.....Richard Van Hoosier



THE purpose of the Historical Society as stated by Mr. Korski, founder and adviser of the Society, is to study history and to enable its members to get some practical service from their study, and so become better citizens.

In order to do this, excursions are taken to the University of California, the Affiliated Colleges, the Golden Gate Museum, and other places of historical interest. All lectures are followed by hikes and picnics.

Besides the society's regular scientific work this term, it has purchased two oak picture frames, to match the society motto and the Magna Charta.

During the coming term, the society, plans to purchase two more frames in which they will frame a picture of Lincoln and a copy of his Gettysburg address.



THE SALES AND AD CLUB

Will Stevenson.....President
 Howard Baxter.....Vice-president
 Charles Horton.....Secretary

THE Sales and Ad Club has had a very successful term. This organization, still in its infancy, has held more meetings this semester than any other club in the school, such meetings being held from two to four times each month. All these meetings were well attended, and were generally featured by the presence of some prominent business man whose "pointers" on modern business, salesmanship and advertising were well heeded. Two of these noted business men were R. S. Kitchener, head of the large printing establishment of that name, and Mr. Houts, of the firm of Houts and Ramage.

"Faint advertising ne'er won fair profits."



THE BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Sherman Dana.....President
 Harold Arnot.....Secretary-Treasurer
 Robert Robischung.....Librarian

THE Boys' Glee Club, consisting of fifty members, has made a most successful showing this term. Due to the hard and untiring efforts of Miss Kummer, the Club has made wonderful progress in this branch of music. The Glee Club is one of Tech's oldest organizations, having had its birth far back in the annals of the old school. They appeared twice during this term's weekly assemblies, and were roundly applauded each time.

The Club is increasing in popularity and the membership is expected to double next term. Remember, prospective members, only three days a week at the Major Period is required, and a half-credit per year is allowed.



THE GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Angela Pingatore.....	President
Eleanor Huovinin.....	Vice-President
Edyth Sterne.....	Secretary



HE Girls' Glee Club was organized in the old school during the last semester there. From a humble beginning of a few girls it has grown to a large alive class of ambitious girls. This semester the girls took part in several programs which were pronounced successes. Next semester plans are being made to hold the class during the major period and girls advanced in singing are desired. Mrs. Davis, director, has many interesting plans for the club. It would be enjoyable and profitable for all who like to sing to join.



THE RADIO CLUB

President..... Arthur Fonseca
 Vice-President..... Francis Newton
 Secretary and Treasurer..... Herbert Dickey



HE Radio Club has proved a great success this term. Several prominent men have come to speak to the Club and it has been a point to make the meetings as interesting as possible.

The Club has installed a complete receiving set with which good results have been obtained. Commercial stations as far away as Los Angeles have been heard. Members set their watches daily by the time sent out by Mare Island Navy Yard.

A practice buzzer set has been installed and the members are becoming proficient in both transmitting and receiving. A major period class has been organized and from now on will be a regular adjunct to the club.



THE BICYCLE CLUB

Louis Gerhardy.....President
 Sam Herman.....Secretary

ENTHUSIASM in this branch of outdoor sports has made the Bike Club one of "Tech's" foremost organizations this term. The Club has now been organized four terms and has weathered each one with success and popularity to its credit. All boys with bicycles are urged to join, and a good time is assured each. The faculty was represented in the Bike Club this term in the personage of Mr. Walker, the Machine Shop teacher, who accompanied the boys on the principal trips, which were to Castro Valley, Dublin, Lake Chabot and the Cliff House. The attendance on these trips averaged twenty-five members.

The rapidly increasing membership assures the Club of a great future, and the "pepless" ones are not wanted.



THE UKELELE CLUB

Ione Newhall.....	President
Dorothy Shane.....	Vice-President
Florence Harvey.....	Secretary and Treasury
Katherin Mills.....	Music Director



HE Ukelele Club was organized last term in the month of October. There are now thirty-six members. Under the able leadership of Katherin Mills the club has been steadily increasing in number. They have a club pin which resembles a tiny ukelele. All girls who had ukeleles were invited to join whether or not they could play. The purpose of the club is not only to learn how to play, but also to give enjoyment to its members.



THE FORUM DEBATING SOCIETY

Toma Akers.....President
 Lloyd Brown.....Secretary

DEBATING has gained a firm foothold in "Tech," as the flourishing condition of the Forum indicates. The Forum was reorganized this semester under the guidance of Mr. Williamson, whose endeavors in its behalf have been sincerely appreciated by a membership of about twenty-five, possibly a small number, but an enthusiastic organization of young people interested in debating. This, the third term of the society's existence, has been very successful. Several meetings and a social afternoon have been held aside from three lively and interesting debates.



THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE



HE Reception and Information Committee of Tech, with headquarters just inside the main entrance, performs the very important duties of receiving visitors, and handling all lost and found articles. The following are the attendants who had charge of the desk during the past semester:

Robert McDonald, Chairman
 Ralph Coffey
 Walter Bolles
 Edwin Rissberger
 Brodie Ahlport
 Milton Earley
 William Patterson
 Grant Du Bois

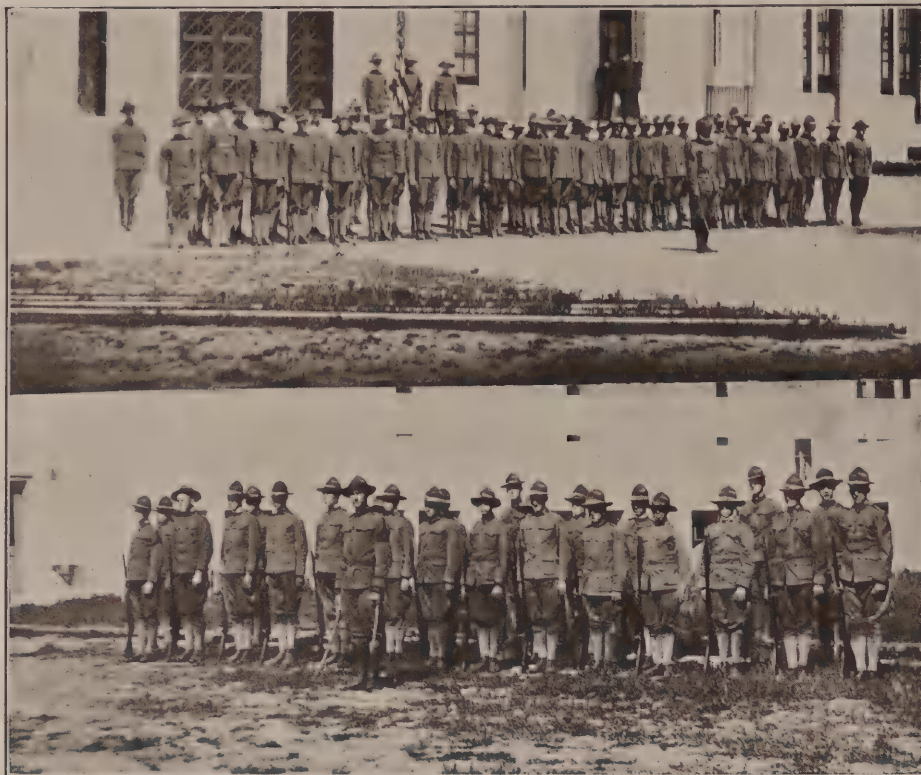
Lyle Ingersoll
 Robert Robischung
 Louis Lesser
 Henry Hickey
 Bryan Schidler
 Frank Schaeffer
 Milton Bulkley
 Carl Riegelman



THE LOCKER KEY COMMITTEE

THE handling of the five thousand locker keys to the basement and shop lockers is one of the most important and tedious problems that faces the student officers. A large amount of money is handled in this position and each key must be accurately accounted for at the end of each semester.

The many keys and duplicates are kept in the office at the end of the hall in the north wing of the building. At present each key is accounted for by means of a card filing system introduced by Chet Clarke, who has managed this important division for the past two terms. Clarke has been ably assisted this year by Claude Girvin and Harlan Brown. The card filing system used here has been very successful, and recently was adopted by one of the high schools of Portland, Oregon.



THE CADETS



HE organization of the Cadets in the Technical High School started in December, 1915. At the opening of the Spring term, the ranks were filled and a thorough organization was effected. Under the laws of the state and the rule of the board, consent of the parents was required. The drill was accepted by Mr. Thoburn in lieu of gymnasium practice. The two companies were reviewed March 30th by Major Ryan of the Regular Army (retired), acting for the Adjutant General of the State. This review took place on the campus before the entire school and several hundred visitors and added to the high reputation of Tech.



THE ORCHESTRA



THE BAND

THE TECHNICAL LATIN CLUB

William Adams.....	President
Helen Lane.....	Vice-President
Mary Rice.....	Secretary
Elmer Roessner.....	Treasurer



HE Technical Latin Club has made great progress since its organization last term. The purpose of the club is to make Latin more interesting and to acquaint the students with Latin customs and entertainments.

A most successful "Seven Feature Meeting" was held by the club May 31, 1916. The entire club was divided into seven groups, each group furnishing entertainments.

The Latin Club had entire charge of the general student assembly for Wednesday, May 3rd, 1916. The program consisted of Latin Songs, a skit entitled "Caesar's Ghost," and the Drill of the Vestal Virgins, which were all received with warm applause.



THE SPANISH CLUB

President.....	Helen Bray
Secretary.....	Leona Burks
Adviser	Miss Palmer



ONE OF the most recent and enthusiastic organizations at Tech is the newly-formed Spanish Club. This organization was formed during the last quarter for the purpose of giving its members a practical application of the Spanish learned in the class-rooms, and also an opportunity for Spanish conversation.

The members plan to spend the coming term acquainting themselves with the language and customs of Spanish America. It is also planned to visit the ships from South America, and thereby learn something of our trade relations with the countries of that continent. Spanish is not spoken entirely at the meetings, so no one need feel backward about joining the club.

ATHLETICS





THE BOYS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

President.....	Leonard Jordan
Vice-president.....	Robert Patterson
Acting Secretary.....	Russell Lindgren

THE Boys' Athletic Association has done very creditable work for the school in the athletic world this semester. Two of the most peppery meetings ever, were held, and were attended by nearly every boy in the school. The interest displayed at these two meetings was sufficient to show that each fellow has the interest of the school at heart. Several points of the Constitution, which had been troublesome, were smoothed over after enough arguing and debating to show that "Tech" is composed of a large number of lawyers. One big meeting is yet to be held and it is expected that block "T's" will be awarded.



THE GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

President.....	Minnie Brodke
Vice-president	Frances Newton
Secretary.....	Bessie Bradford

NEVER before in the history of the school have the Girls' Athletics made such progress as during this semester. Much "pep" has been shown by the girls, and the turn-out for rowing, basketball, tennis, and hiking has been large and more enthusiastic than ever before. The girls' rally held in the Auditorium at the beginning of the term is largely responsible for this. Over eight hundred girls were in attendance at the rally which was called to order by Minnie Brodke, President of the Girls' Athletic Association, and all listened to her spirited talk on Girls' Athletics and why they should be supported. Miss Hagelthorne, head of the Playground Association of Alameda County, Miss Covey, Miss Wilder, and Mr. Fisher were also heard from. All enjoyed the selections given by the "Ukelele Club."

WEARERS OF THE BLOCK



TRACK.

John Black
Andrew Silvas
Charles Poole
Robert Daniels

Robert Hutchison
Wendlyn Starrett
Henry Hoey
Claude Girvin

Guy Calden
Donald McMeekin
William Hildebrandt
Vilas Plue

BASEBALL.

August Gerlach
Russell Lindgren
Warren Torgersen
Hamilton McCourtney
Eugene Fitzgerald

Ralph Krueckel
John Paulino
Harry Barney
William Keane
John Gillespie

Robert Smale
Herbert Garcia
William Freitas
Claude Mitchell
Earl Russell

BASKETBALL.

Vincent Irish
Otis Bush
Edward Murphy

Delbert Lawson
Arthur Eggleston
Leonard Jordan

Vaughn Miller
Tom Clement
George Street

Bobby Smale



"Bobby" Smale



"Texas" Robischung

ROOTING

Robert Smale.....	Yell Leader
Robert Robischung.....	Assistant Yell Leader
Louis Dougherty.....	Assistant Yell Leader

Rally Committee.

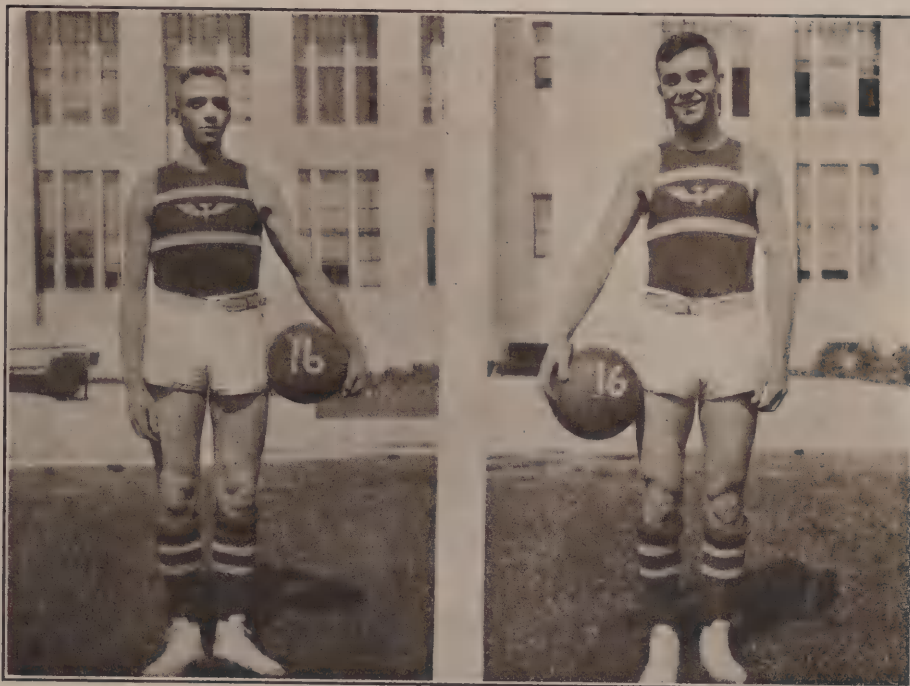
Russell Lindgren	Robert Smale
Vincent Irish	Robert Robischung
Leonard Jordan	Louis Dougherty
Guy Calden	Herbert Garcia

For the past semester, the rooters have been under the able leadership of "Bobby" Smale, assisted by "Texas" Robischung and Louis Dougherty. Dougherty met with a very severe and painful accident about the middle of the term, being hit on the knee with a shot at track practice, and was compelled to leave school.

The real spirit of the rooters seemed to return this semester and a large body of noise makers was present at every game. The rooters seemed to be possessed with unusual "pep" and "jazz" and their "never say die" spirit was a great benefit to the teams.



BASKETBALL TEAM.—Back row—Lawson, Miller, Manager; Hjelte, Coach; Murphy, Clement.
Front row—Bush, Jordan, Irish, Captain; Eggleston.



Vaughn Miller, Manager

Vinnie Irish, Captain

BASKETBALL



HOUGH the League Championship did not come to Tech, the basketball season was successful. With but two of last year's regulars back, George Hjelte built up a team that any school could be proud of. The lack of a suitable place for practice was perhaps the one thing that kept the Championship from Tech. The team had only two nights a week for practice and even then a full afternoon was not employed. All the other high schools with their gymnasiums right in the school buildings put in full practice every school afternoon.

Captain Irish rightly deserved the title of "King of Guards." He played a fine defensive game all through the season and his "never say die" spirit was a great factor in all of Tech's victories. He is at present a Junior and it is hoped that he will be back next spring to help bring the 1917 Championship to Tech.

Captain-elect Vaughn Miller managed the team this season and ably filled that position. He is without doubt one of the finest allround basket ball players in the county. Besides playing a fine defensive game, he is an accurate shot and his ability to add points to the Tech scores played a prominent part in every game.



"Eggie" Eggleston at forward was more or less handicapped by his lack of weight. He was perhaps the smallest player in the A. C. A. L. He is a marvel at the passing game and also a good shot, but seemed to have the ill luck of always being pitted against a heavy guard.

"Shorty" Lawson played the other forward position, and he and Eggleston made a fine combination. "Shorty" was the scoring machine of the team, and his many baskets helped to roll up the Tech scores. He also did most of the foul shooting, being very clever at executing these shots.

"Chick" Jordan, a member of last year's football team, started the season at center. This was the first time "Chick" had played basketball since entering high school, and, although the game had changed some since last he played it, he was going great up to the time he was injured and compelled to retire for the season.

Tom Clement who took Jordan's place at center, proved himself a worthy successor. While not a sensational player, he played a very steady game, rarely being out-jumped, and always giving the opposing center a hard tussle. He is a Sophomore at present, and will undoubtedly return for the 1917 season.

Bush and Murphy made two highly capable and around substitutes, both being able to play either at forward or at guard. Bush was another rewarded with a winning track team.



Murphy was captain of the second basketball team in 1915 and is a tried and seasoned player. He played in several games this year substituting at either guard or forward and playing a fine game at either position. In all probability he will be here for the 1917 season.

The weight teams this season were badly handicapped by the lack of a gymnasium for practice. The 120 lb. team was practically the only weight team organized. They were allowed a few minutes for practice at the Plymouth Center gymnasium before the first team took the floor, but this did not allow them time enough to develop any real teamwork. Games were played with the Oakland Y. M. C. A. 120 lb. team, the Calana Club, Oakland High, Fremont High, and Berkeley High. The team lined up as follows: Cleary and Vinson, forwards; Walsh, center; Sutton and Jackson, guards.

THE SEASON

Calana Club—54. Tech—18.

In one of the first practice games of the season Tech was defeated by the Calana Club. Many new men were tried out in this game.

Plymouth Center—55. Tech—12.

Playing without the services of either of the regular guards, Irish and Miller, Tech was defeated in a fast and fiercely contested game at Plymouth Center. The Plymouth Center boys were too heavy and too experienced for the aspirants for Tech's first team.

Feb. 2, 1916.

Vocational 8—Technical 39.

In the first league game of the season Tech defeated the Vocational Five by the score of 39 to 8. Vocational's eight points were all scored on fouls. The teamwork of the Tech forwards and the playing of "Chick" Jordan, who shot five field goals, were the outstanding features of the game.

Feb. 16, 1916.

Berkeley 31—Technical 15.

Fighting gamely until the final gun sounded, the Tech boys went down to defeat at the hands of the fast Berkeley Five. Tech was very unfortunate in this game. "Chick" Jordan was compelled to retire with a broken foot which kept him out of the game for the remainder of the season.

Feb. 18, 1916.

Alameda 20—Technical 33.

This game was played on rather short notice, and although Tech was figured to win, the team played with the same determination that marked their work all through the season. Vaughn Miller at guard was the star of the game, scoring six field goals, and playing a fine allround game.

Feb. 23, 1916.

Oakland 22—Technical 23.

In the most nerve-racking, thrilling game of the season, Tech defeated their old rivals from Oakland High in a fast and furious contest, in which the score favored first one side and then the other. Oakland started with a rush but Tech soon evened the score, and it remained close until the end of the game. The playing of "Shorty" Lawson at forward, and Vaughn Miller at guard, were the features of the game, the former scoring five fouls and a field goal and the latter four field goals.

Feb. 28, 1916.

Fremont 25—Technical 35.

Going into the game with a spirit that could bring nothing but victory, Tech out-gamed and out-played Fremont in the first game to be held in the Civic Auditorium. Although the slippery floor made playing hard, the game was fast and furious throughout. Fremont jumped into the lead at the start of the game but they were soon overcome, and, once in the lead, the Tech boys were never headed. The wonderful passing of "Eggie" Eggleston, the basket-shooting of "Shorty" Lawson, and the sterling defense of Captain Irish featured the game.

March 2, 1916.

Berkeley 24—Technical 8.

Playing before a rooting section that was possessed of the real Tech spirit, Tech lost to Berkeley for the second time during the season. The score does not do the team justice, for they played a truly wonderful game.



TRACK TEAM.—Back row—Thoburn, Coach; Starrett, Hildebrandt, Girvin, McMeekin, Daniels, Plue.
 Middle row—Calden, Poole, Silvas, Black, Captain; Hoey, Hutchison, Manager. Front row—Berstein, Tan, Brobst.



Johnny Black, Captain

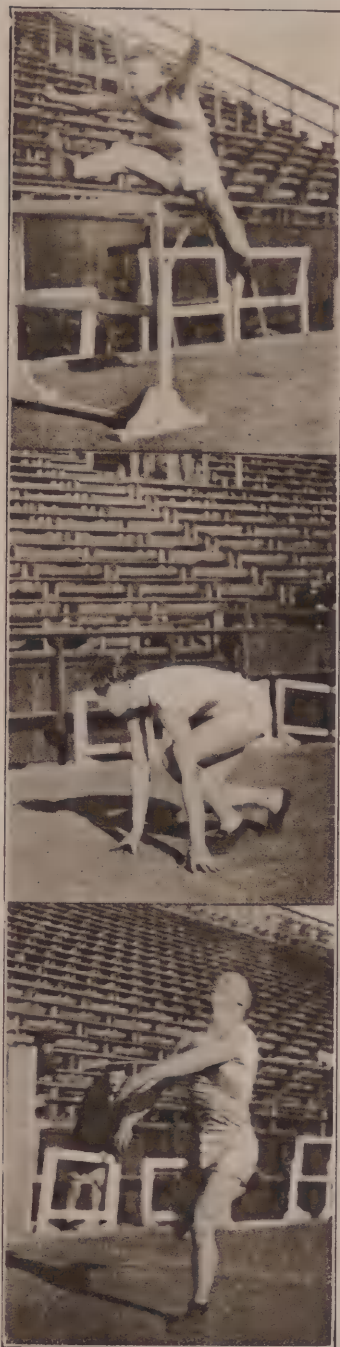
Bob Hutchison, Manager

TRACK

The final ambition in athletics has at last been realized. Tech is the proud possessor of a championship track team. Track has been successful throughout the entire season. Training was carried on at the University of California oval, and, at times, the members of the team received the highly expert advice of Walter Christie, the veteran trainer. Christie has trained some of the best athletes ever produced in the State, and his giving advice to our track team can be taken as a great compliment.

The real coach, however, and the man to whom a lot of the glory can be given, is Jimmie Thoburn. Jimmie has a very winning way and the fellows readily take his advice, and follow his orders from beginning to end. He accompanied the fellows on the trip to Los Angeles and the Stanford Interscholastic, and is, in a large measure, responsible for the success of the team.

All the fellows have trained hard and faithfully throughout the season and it is very gratifying to know that their efforts have been



rewarded with a winning Track Team.

Captain Johnny Black is perhaps the greatest allround athlete ever turned out by any high school about the Bay Cities. He is an expert swimmer, an all-star football player, a fast track man, and besides all these accomplishments he used to play both baseball and basketball.

Bob Hutchison wore a track suit for the first time this term and proved to be the sensation of the year. He has the speed and endurance necessary for a good sprinter, and holds the A. C. A. L. record for the quarter mile, his time for that event being 52:4/5 seconds. Bob graduates in June and his loss will leave a great gap to be filled on next year's team.

Guy Calden, the county broad jump champion, also graduates in June. Guy more than lived up to his reputation this year in both the sprints and the broad jump, and, with Hutchison, made as fine a pair of sprinters as was ever developed in any high school.

Andy Silvas was another find of the season, being the champion miler of the State. His winning of the mile in the C. I. F. entitles him to this honor. Andy holds the A. C. A. L. records in both the mile and the half mile.

Cutey McMeekin was a winner in the high jump in every meet in which he entered. He has never



been really pressed in his favorite event, but five feet eight inches is an every day performance with him.

Skip Starrett is a veteran track man, the hurdles being his specialty. This term, however, he has been practicing the broad jump, and has become very efficient in this event.

Vilas Plue is a new man in school, and was, therefore, unable to compete in the A. C. A. L. He is expected to be a point-getter in the hurdles next season.

Bill Hildebrandt was Tech's best man in the weights. This was his first year on the track team and it is hoped that he will be here again next term.

Charlie Poole is expected to be a star distance man next season. He showed up well this year and will surely be heard from in 1917.

Heine Hoey did good work in the pole vault, taking second in the meet at Berkeley, and is to be reckoned with for next year.

Fat Weeks was unfortunate this season, being sick just a few days before the A. C. A. L. meet, and, although he tried hard, he was unable to get a place in the pole vault.

Bob Daniels is a new man on the track. He showed ability however, and is expected to be first-string quarter miler next year.

The 120 pound events were introduced this year, and played a great part in the scores. Tech had three



excellent men in these events, Bernstein and Tan in the sprints and Brobst in the shot. Both Bernstein and Brobst scored points in the A. C. A. L. and, as the score was so close, it may be readily seen that the 120 pounders play an important part in the meets.

Claude Girvin, with practically no training whatsoever, surprised everyone by taking a place in the javelin at the A. C. A. L. thereby winning his block "T".

THE STANFORD

INTERSCHOLASTIC.

Twelve members of the track team, accompanied by Jimmy Thoburn, traveled to Palo Alto on Saturday morning, April 1, and due to their efforts Tech finished a good second in the Stanford Interscholastic, being but one point and a half behind San Jose, the winner.

From the very first event to the relay, the boys fought hard and did their best to bring victory to Tech. Calden and Hutchison took first and second respectively in the hundred. Andy Silvas, running his first mile in high school competition made Forward of San Jose run at his best form to win. Skip Starrett and Johnny Black placed in the hurdles, Johnny in the high, and Skip in the low.

In the field events, Guy Calden easily took first place in the broad jump, this being his special event. Cutey McMeekin came through in



great fashion and won the high jump from a large field, while Johnny Black took third place in the javelin.

Of the three 120 pound men entered by Tech, Bernstein was the only one to place, taking a place in the two hundred and twenty yard dash.

The relay team was made up of two known quantities and two "dark horses." This quartet, Johnny Black, Vilas Plue, Bob Hutchison and Guy Calden, showed their heels to their opponents and took first place. This gave them the Ellery Arms Relay Cup which is now on display in the office.

C. I. F. MEET AT LOS ANGELES.

Five of the men who competed at Stanford and took a first, second or third place, Captain Black, Guy Calden, Bob Hutchison, Andy Silvas and Cutey McMeekin, accompanied by Jimmy Thoburn, were sent to Los Angeles to the finals of the California Interscholastic Federation on the following Saturday, April 8. The funds for sending this sextet south were raised from the lecture given by John Kendrick Bangs in the Auditorium.

The extremely hot climate of the south told on the boys but they made an excellent showing, taking third place in the meet.

By this time Andy Silvas had learned what pace to set in the mile, and he put on a four minute, forty and three fifths second speed that was too much for his competitors,



and he emerged the victor. After a little rest he entered the half mile, finishing third in this event.

Bob Hutchison made Paddock of Pasadena travel in both the century and the furlong by placing second in each, while Guy Calden took a place in the broad jump.

In the relay, the Tech team, composed of Johnny Black, Cutey McMeekin, Guy Calden, and Bob Hutchison captured second place.

Cutey McMeekin was disqualified in the high jump due to the way in which he lands. The Southern California officials have a different idea from Northern California experts as to what constitutes a legitimate jump.

THE A. C. A. L. MEET AT BERKELEY.

With a well-trained team entered in this meet, the Purple and Gold finished first. Three of the best men on the team were unable to compete. Calden and Schwarz were kept out by the "four year rule," while Plue was out because of the "six months rule."

Starting the meet, Bob Hutchison romped home with first in the hundred. Johnny Black upset the dope by showing a remarkable burst of speed and finishing first in the furlong, breaking the record. "Hutch" again came through in the quarter mile, winning by a good margin from a good field.



Stanford Interscholastic

Andy Silvas broke the records in both the mile and the half mile runs.

Skip and Johnny both took places in the hurdles, while Hoey finished second in the pole vault.

Berkeley was our only dangerous competitor in this meet, being but a point behind us before the relay. Berkeley stacked up her points due to the large number of seconds and thirds obtained. In the first lap of the relay Salome Converse of Berkeley gave the second Berkeley man a good lead. Cutey McMeekin ran the second lap for Tech, Johnny Black the third, and everyone knows what "Hutch" did. He ran Sisson of Berkeley off his feet and passed him on the stretch, thereby winning the meet for Tech.





BASEBALL TEAM.—Back row—Gillespie, Russell, Lindgren, Krueckel, Manager; Keane, Barney.
Front row—Mitchell, McCourtney, Fitzgerald, Gerlach, Captain; Smale, Torgersen, Paulino.



"Duffy" Gerlach, Captain

"Babe" Krueckel, Manager

BASEBALL

For the second year in succession the A. C. A. L. baseball championship was won by Tech, and, for the second year in succession, Tech was beaten by San Jose High for the Northern California Championship. Errors lost the San Jose game and the boys seemed to have an off day in general. In the race for the County Title, the team did not lose a single game, being held to a tie by Berkeley in the first game of the season, and beating Berkeley in the last game of the season.

Nearly fifty fellows responded to the first call for practice, and Herb Remmer was selected as coach. With his knowledge of the game, he was able to round out a well-balanced team.

As for the team itself, the outfield with Smale, Barney, Captain-elect Paulino and Freitas, was the hardest hitting in the league. The infield with Snowy Torgersen at first, Manager Krueckel at second, Captain Duffy Gerlach at short and Mitchell at third worked like a well-oiled mahine, being a fine defensive as well as offensive combination.

Bobby Smale



Behind the plate, Duke Lindgren did the most of the work, Keane being unable to play until the last two or three games. Russell, Fitzgerald, McCourtney, Gillespie and Smale constituted a steady pitching staff.

March 6.

Tech 10—U. C. Freshmen 9.

In the first practice game of the season, the team showed up well, especially in the hitting department. Johnny Paulino and Bobby Smale both got home runs.

March 8.

Tech 3—St. Mary's 2.

In a three-inning game Tech put up a fine brand of ball and defeated the St. Mary's third team.

March 10.

Tech 3—Davis Farm 10.

The first defeat of the season was handed out by the Davis team. Lefty Owens, at present in the Coast League, was too much for Tech. Barney and Krueckel got three baggers while Smale connected for a double.

March 14.

Tech 4—U. C. Freshmen 8.

The Freshmen took the second game of the series, making their runs in the early innings. Anderson started for Tech but was accorded poor support and was relieved by Gillespie who pitched air-tight ball for the rest of the game.

March 16.

Tech 1—St. Mary's 3.

The St. Mary's second team, by scoring three runs in the last inning,

Bill Keane





defeated Tech in a fast game. Ham Courtney pitched a four-hit game and was given excellent support.

March 18.

Tech 11—Lick-Wilmerding 3.

The boys from San Francisco did not have a chance when the Tech wrecking crew got into action. Sixteen hits and eleven runs were the results of their slugging. The Lick players got but seven scattered hits off Gillespie and Fitzgerald.

March 23.

Tech 1—St. Mary's 9.

The St. Mary's seconds were too much for Tech and scored another win. Tech's only run was scored by Captain Gerlach who, after making a triple, crossed the plate on Smale's single.

March 31.

Tech 4—U. C. Freshmen 1.

In the deciding game of a three-game series, Tech emerged victorious. The Freshmen could get but five hits off of Russell, who worked in big league style. Barney drove out a home run in the fourth inning and started the scoring for Tech.

A. C. A. L.

April 3.

Tech 2—Berkeley 2.

The first league game of the season resulted in a tie. The game was very slow and it was not until the seventh inning that Tech tied up the score. Berkeley scored in the early innings but after that McCourtney could not be touched. Fitzgerald, when sent in



as a pinch hitter, delivered the necessary bingle which tied up the score. Russell, who relieved McCourtney, kept Berkeley well in hand and was never in danger.

April 6

Tech 3—Alameda 2

In a fast game at Lincoln Park, Tech downed Alameda, due a great deal to the pitching of Bobby Smale. This was the first time he had pitched for Tech and his work in the box was a very pleasant surprise. Scoring started in the very first inning, when Snowy Torgersen reached first on an error and scored on Michell's triple. Mitchell then scored on a fielder's choice. Alameda came strong in the ninth but with the tying run on second, the runner was caught off the bag for the third out.

APRIL 10.

Tech 24—Vocational 4.

Many hits, runs, errors and tired base-runners featured the Vocational game. The game was a farce from beginning to end, Vocational making twelve errors. Bobby Smale proved himself an all-around player when he took Lindgren's place behind the bat when Duke was spiked. Gillespie pitched a first-class game.

April 27.

Tech 12—Fremont 6.

In a grand slugging match, Tech emerged victorious over Fremont. Tech piled up a lead of five runs in the first inning and was never headed. Fremont scored now and then, and, after eight hits had been made off his delivery, Bobby Smale



was relieved by McCourtney who put an end to the scoring.

May 1.

Tech 8—Oakland 3.

Tech trimmed Oakland in a fast game of ball to the tune of eight to three. Up to the fifth inning Oakland was in the lead, but in the sixth the Tech boys woke up, and after that Oakland never had a chance. Barney made several sensational catches in center field, and Fitzgerald pitched a steady game, keeping the hits well scattered.

May 4.

Tech 3—Berkeley 1.

In one of the fastest high school games ever witnessed, Tech defeated Berkeley, thereby winning the A. C. A. L. Championship. Johnny Paulino and Earl Russell were the heroes of the day. Paulino saved the day when he caught Crow's long fly up against the fence. He also made the hit that won the game. Russell pitched sensational ball, striking out eleven men and allowing only four scattered hits. A large rooting section contributed to the excitement.

May 6.

Tech 1—San Jose 7.

Playing after a heavy rain, on a slow and muddy field San Jose defeated Tech, thereby becoming the Northern California Champions. The bad weather kept the rooters from the game and only a few of the faithful ones were on hand to help the team do their best.



THE BOYS' CREW

AFTER showing great form in their practice races, Tech's first crew lost out in the big regatta through a regrettable accident. While in the lead by five feet they were bumped by Berkeley High who had been forced from their course by Fremont High. When the tangle was over, Tech had lost by a boat-length and they succeeded in beating Oakland High only after a great fight.

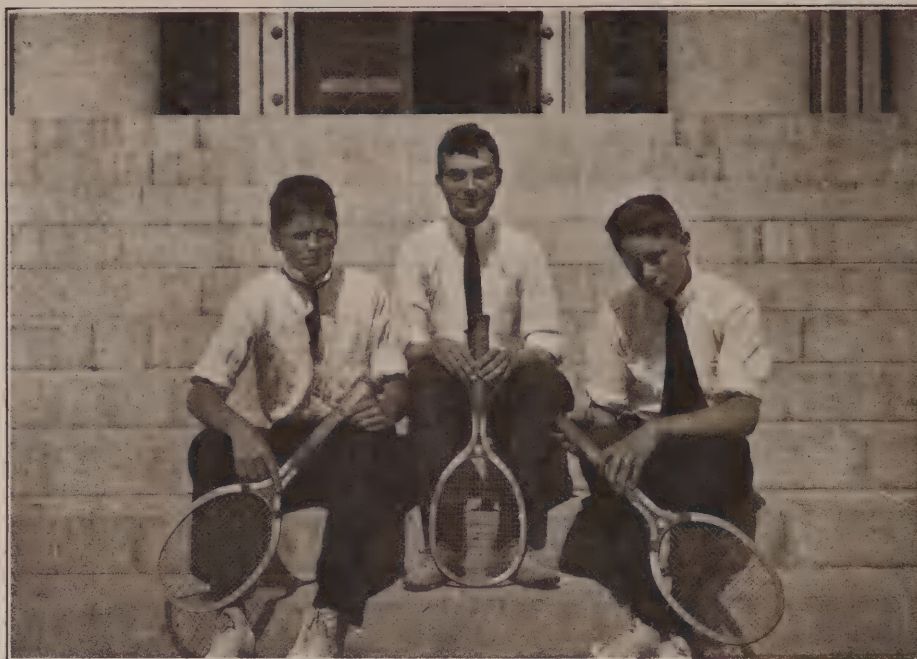
The second crew came through and won by a boat-length from the Oakland and Fremont second crews.

Jimmy Thoburn coached the first crew and through his efforts the fellows were able to show a great improvement over last year.

Captain McDonald took the second crew in hand two weeks before their race and was able to turn out a winner.

In the interclass, held early in the term, with a large part of last year's crew in the boat and Lucy Bradley at the helm, the Seniors won by a boat-length.

Another big regatta will be held next semester. Let's win it!



TENNIS

TENNIS is a sport that is rapidly obtaining as much competition as baseball, basketball, track, and football. Matches are to be played with Oakland, Berkeley, Fremont, and all the high schools around the bay. It is just such competition as these matches will afford that makes a sport interesting and exciting. The team will also enter the Interscholastic Tourney held by the University of California. Robert Benjamin, Fitzgerald Marx, and Cyril O'Conner constitute the team, being first, second and third men respectively.



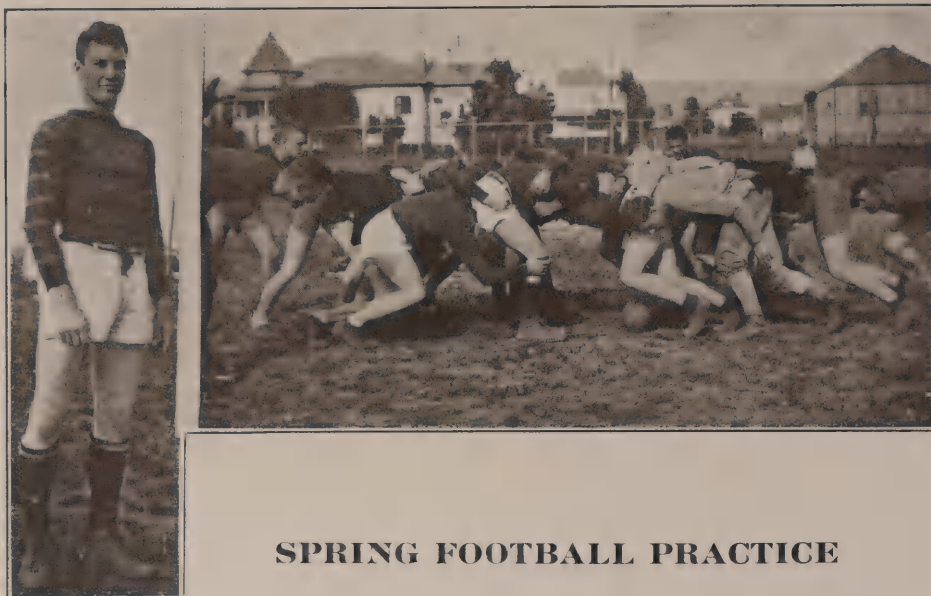
"Art" Eggleston, Captain

"Shorty" Lawson, Manager

SWIMMING

SWIMMING is a sport that is undergoing a sort of revival. Nothing had been done with regards to a swimming team until this term when "Art" Eggleston was elected captain, and "Shorty" Lawson manager.

The manager tried to obtain a suitable place for practice but as yet the necessary arrangements have not been made so it is expected that further efforts will be reserved until next term when swimming is sure to become an active sport.



Capt. Starrett

SPRING FOOTBALL PRACTICE

TUESDAY, May 2, saw a multitude of football material out for the first practice of the year, at Bushrod Park.

The success of the team last fall seems to have added a new interest and enthusiasm to football. A squad of sixty fellows went through the preliminary practice of kicking, picking up the ball, and light tackling.

The second week found the fellows indulging in interclass games, great rivalry being shown between the different classes. The third week brought about the big spring practice game with Oakland High.

Captain Starrett has cause to wear a big smile, for with the fourteen veterans from last year, and the promising new men, it looks like a championship team for Tech next fall.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

THAT basketball is one of the ablest sports in girls' athletics at Tech was certainly proved this term. In spite of the fact that the girls were late in getting started, owing to the lack of an indoor court, their pep never wavered for an instant. First and second teams were picked and practice held twice a week.

The first team is composed of some excellent players: Miriam Gross is captain; Dorothy Carter and Lena Ferrera, forwards, have been working together in championship form, while the clever guarding of Doris Dwyer, Marie Colthurst, Irene Bliss and Ruby Fisher cannot be too highly commended. The centers, Alma Timm, Minnie Brodke, and May Gordon have also displayed great ability.

The team was excellently coached this term by Miss Langdon of Mills College.



GIRLS' ROWING

UNDER the able coaching of Miss Covey, Miss Reston and our faithful coxswain, Minnie Brodke, the first crew has certainly done remarkable work. That it did not win any honors in the recent regatta was not due to lack of effort or skill on its part, but owing to misapprehension of signals on the part of the crew.

The moving pictures of the regatta bore silent but indisputable testimony to this fact. For weeks before the race, a girl finishing her hasty breakfast on the car, was no uncommon sight. It took some "pep" to arise and reach the Lake in time for one hour's good practice before school.

One of the most delightful memories of the term is that of the luncheon given on April 1, just before the race.

The next event in which the crew participated was the escorting of Queen Elizabeth to her throne in Lakeside Park on April 29th. The boat was decorated in the school colors, purple and gold. As this was a Shakespearean May day festival, the grounds were a riot of beautiful colors.

Coxswain.....	Minnie Brodke
Pilot.....	Mina Holbrook



GIRLS' HIKING

TO THE nature lover, there is no surer way of obtaining intimate knowledge of her beauties than by the personal contact with mother earth on a long hike. The girls composing the "Culex Hiking Club," organized by Miss Covey, realize this fact, and feel that they are getting more than would be possible from the motor or car window.

The first meeting of the club was held on March 9, 1916. Florence Chalgren was elected captain; Helen Egan was made manager. Short hikes on Friday afternoon together with a long all day hike about once a month were planned. On the first outing, Miss Kummer and fifteen girls walked over the hills to "Little Lake Chabot" coming back by way of the Antioch Electric railroad.

For variation, a "supper hike" was next taken. Twenty-two girls accompanied by Miss Kummer walked to the second reservoir. Miss Wilder who was carrying the lunches in her machine became separated from the others, and lost her way.

Such a hungry, worried lot of girls at last espied the lost machine. The cheers and hurrahs that followed were more sincere than ever greeted the ears of a rally speaker. A fire was lighted and sausage roasted. There was everything from salad to candy on the menu.



GIRLS' TENNIS



FROM a haphazard game, girls' tennis has become a permanent sport in the school this year. The girls have shown much interest in obtaining a court at Lakeside Park, thereby gaining a chance to perfect their play.

Forty girls signed up for the game at the first meeting. Edith Akerly was elected manager, and Helen Taylor, captain. On account of the great interest manifested, a second team was soon organized. Several interclass meets were held during which much skill in handling the racquet and ball was shown.

Many of the girls who have practiced regularly, show great skill and deftness in playing the game. Here is hoping that the good work will continue in the future.



THE LATEST SONG HITS.

Hot Air—Dutch Engelbrecht.
Are you half the man your mother thought you'd be?—Herb Garcia
Give a little credit to your dad—Charlie Fisher.
Maid of my heart—Grace Wilson.
At the fountain of youth—Miss Tyrrell.
Gee! But I have a beautiful girl—Bill Ledgett.
I love you best of all—Chet Clarke.
No fair falling in love—Percy Nelson.
I'm looking for someone's heart—Bobby Smale.
Gay and frivolous—Gladys Matthews.
We're going to celebrate the end of the war in ragtime—Senior Farewell.
Here come the married men—John Black, Ralph Coffey, Texas, Vic Neilsen, Skip Starrett, Fat Dinkelspeil, Byron Mills, Cutey McMeekin and Snowy Torgersen.
I wanna be captain or I won't play—Bill Rea.
I'm good for nothing else but you—Babe Krueckel.
Dreaming of you—Myrtle Marshall.
The ashes of my heart—Ross Mack.
Pretty wild thing—Frenchy Bouhaben.
My little girl—Edith Case.
Some day you'll find me gone—Bill Stevenson.
They always pick on me—Jimmie Cleary.
Somebody loves you—Leslie Eagar.
A girl for each day in the year—Norman Unfug.
Cohen owes me 97c—Carl Riegelman.
Those were the good old days—Susie Bignami.
Blow the smoke away—Dick Heeney.
There's a rose in old Erin—Helen Eagan.
A little bit of Heaven—Mr. Korski.
Wedding of the sunshine and rose—Dick Weeks and Irene Paret.
Oh! What a beautiful baby—Elmer Schwarz.
It takes a big Irish heart to sing an Irish song—Vinny Irish.
Moon beams bring love dreams—Claude Girvin.
The dearest little place in the world—The Book Exchange.
I could tell by the way you dance, dear—Grant Du Bois.
She's all that a pal ought to be—Miss Kummer.
Toddle all over town—Johnny Black.
I want to watch over you—The Co-operative Boards.
Every hour, every day—Civics, Chemistry, Etc.
Going to pieces—Oakland High.



OUR CADET BAND.

Howlow-is

Skip Starrett—There's a man outside with a wooden leg named Smith.

Texas—Thasso? What's the name of his other leg?

Duke Lindgren—So she winked at you eh? Well what followed?

Snowy Torgersen—I did.

Louis Lesser—I noticed your advertisement in the paper for a man to retail canaries.

Proprietor of bird store—Yes, have you had any experience in that line?

Lesser—Oh no. I merely had a curiosity to know how the canaries lost their tails.

Freshman (working in the Caf.)—What is the easiest way to pare potatos?

L. Sleep—Place them two by two.

Norman Unfug—I've met the only girl for me.

"Swede" Anderson—What again?

"Prexy" Garcia (to freshman up before the Co-operative board for the second time)—Aren't you ashamed to be seen here again?

Fresh—No sir. If it's good enough for you, sir, I'm satisfied.

Lucy Bradley—Is the waltz coming back?

Elmer Schwarz—No. The waltz is going around and around.

The goldfish thinks nothing of a trip around the globe.

A man after being bedridden for years was able to leave his bed after taking patent medicine.

Probably he left it for a grave in a nice cemetery.

There is a new story called "The Editor's Purse." Nothing in it.

It's a funny world. People cheer a right-fielder because he catches a hot liner, when that's the very thing he's out there for.

Too many people pray on their knees on Sunday and then prey on other people on week days.

Too many people try to tell the story of their life when there are so many volumes of the lives of Washington and Lincoln that haven't been read.

Dabs and Dashes.

A mark of respect.
A line of inquiry.
A spot of interest.
A strain of dishonor.
A touch of kindness.
A trace of weakness.
A figure of despair.
A stamp of gentility.
A point of difference.
A sign of displeasure.
A stroke of misfortune.
An impression of the mind.

Food for Thought.

A savory morsel of scandal.
A pretty kettle of fish.
The cold shoulder.
A perfect stew.
A nice hash.
Some square and cube roots.
His cooked goose.
Tongues of rumor.
Trifles light as air.
A regular pudding.
Candid opinions.
Apples of discord.
Fruits of experience.
Milk in the cocoanut.
Cream of the joke.

Useless for Furnishings.

The weather bureau.
The river bed.
The wood tick.
The college spread.
The mantle of charity.
The witness stand.
The baseball pitcher.
The bowl on the alley.



IMAGINARY PICTURES.

Picture Chick Jordan, if he were not tall
Picture Chet, if he couldn't talk at all
Picture Dutch Engelbrecht without a penny
Picture Bob Smale, if smile he hadn't any
Picture Duff Gerlach without a blush
Picture Jim Cleary in a rush
Picture Ruth Gleason without her smile
Picture Hazel and Texas in a little while
Picture Babe Krueckel not a circus
Picture Harold Girvin with flesh superfluous
Picture John Black with eyes of green
Picture Fat Dinkelspeil lanky and lean
Picture Skip Starrett with an aquiline nose
Picture Mr. Korski in evening clothes
Picture Mr. Coleman all shaven and shorn
Picture Bud Fennon all tattered and torn
These are pictures as they ain't
Visions no artist could ever paint.

The following question was asked in a U. S. History Ex.

How and when was slavery introduced into America?

Answer received on one paper—No women had come over to the early Virginia colony. The planters wanted wives to help with the work. In 1619 the London Company sent over a ship-load of girls. The planters gladly married them, and slavery was introduced into America.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Don't kill your wife!

Let us do your dirty work!

Cleanup Laundry.

Mr. Korski (in Modern History)—Which is the greater statesman, Asquith or Balfour?

Answer—If we carefully consider who Asquith and Balfour are, if we look thoughtfully at what they have done, and ask ourselves which is the greater statesman, we must unhesitatingly answer in the affirmative.

R. Mack—What size collar do you wear?

W. Welch—About a size too small for you.

Boss—No we have all the men we need.

Grant Du Bois—Seems like you could take one more, the little bit of work I'd do.

"Sometimes," said Miss Tyrell, "I think that Ralph Jessen is the most patient, gentle, and best natured boy that ever lived, and sometimes I think it's just laziness.

Dutch Engelbrecht—I ran all the way down to the fire last night.

Cleary—Did you save anything?

Dutch—Sure, carefare.

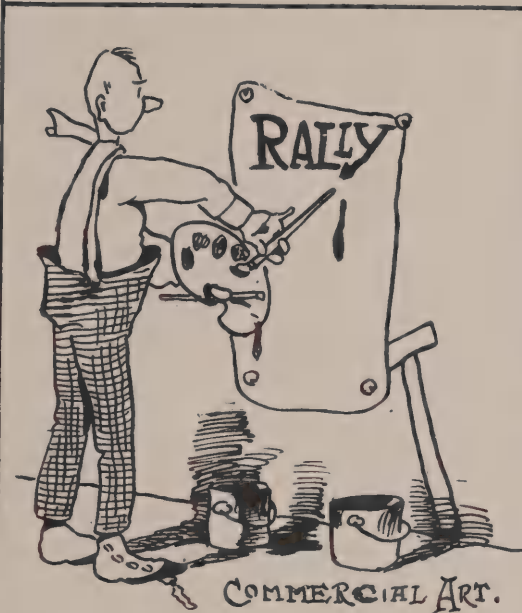
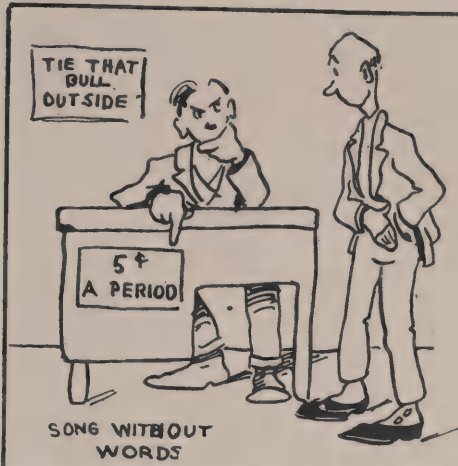
Duke Lindgren—You want to keep your eyes open when you walk around the campus.

'19—Why?

Duke—Because you'll look like a fool if you go around with them shut.

Her father—No! I wont have my daughter tied to a stupid fool all her life.

Bobby Smale—Then don't you think you'd better let me take her off your hands?



SCHOOL ACTIVITIES.

Grace Wilson—Do you know you would be a classy dancer but for two things?

Claude Girvin—What are they?

Grace—Your feet!

Bud Fennon—Do you like clover honey?

Genevieve Bush—Why you know I never ate any clover.

J. Thoburn—There's one sign that should be placed over every letter box in the city.

Red Hutchinson—What's that?

Jee—Post no bills.

An aged German and his wife were given to quarreling.

"Vell, I wish I vas in Heaven," she remarked after a scene.

"I vish I vas in a beer garden," shouted her husband.

"Ach yess," cried the wife, "always you try to pick out the best for yourself."

Tall one—What are you going to give your little brother for Christmas?

Small one—I dunno. I gave him the measles last year.

Him (approaching hesitantly at the informal ball)—I beg—ahem—your pardon—er—Miss—but—

Her (icily)—I'm very sorry, sir, but my program is filled.

Him (embarrassed)—Well—it isn't that exactly, but you see, you're sitting on my hat.

Rosalie Cogorno (after Kenny had made a witty remark)—Oh, you tickle me.

K. R.—What?

R. C.—I say you tickle me.

K. R.—Aw—you tickle me first.

Mr. Williamson (after giving some fives)—Well, work hard and always think of the future.

Vic Neilsen—I can't. Tomorrow's my girl's birthday and I am thinking of the present.



Cutie McMeekin—Would you be willing to marry me and live on head cheese and kisses?

His Girl—It depends upon the cheese. Some brands would bar the kisses.

Harry Hennings—Let's drop in at this restaurant.

Jimmy Bretherton—I haven't money enough to go in there.

Harry—That's all right, I know, but I need a new overcoat.

'16—So you are working now. How much do you earn?

'15—Fifty dollars a week.

'16—Fifty plunks a week is great.

'15—Yes, fifty dollars is what I earn, but I only get seven.

Bob Hutchison—Have you ever seen any races?

Freshman admirer—Many of them.

Hutch—What was the closest race you ever saw?

Fresh—The Scotch.

Fat McDonald—Say, Bolles, your dog just bit me on the ankle.

Walter Bolles—Well, what of it? You don't expect a little pup like that to bite you on the neck, do you?

A tutor who tooted a flute,
Tried to tutor two tooters to toot.
Said the two to the tutor,
"Is it harder to toot, or to tutor
Two tooters to toot?"

Miss Byxbee—There is still noise in the room.

Bill Rea—Who ever heard of still noise?

Social tact is making your company feel thoroughly at home, even though you thoroughly wish they were.

She—Are you going to the musical at Van Hoosier's tonight?

The other She—I don't know. Are they going to have music, or is Dick going to sing?

Paderewski Nelson—Why do they call all bad actors "hams"?

Comedian Girvin—I suppose because they are so constantly associated with eggs.



MAJOR SPORTS.

Father—I want to tell you this, my son: the secret of success is hard work.

Son—If its ■ secret dad, you should not have told it to me. Fortunately I'm too much of a gentleman to take advantage of information gained in that way.

Leslie Eagar (in the dimly lit parlor)—How cold your nose is!

Mother (from upstairs)—Is Fido in the parlor again?

His version—He who courts and runs away, lives to court another day.

Her version—He who courts and does not wed, has to come to court instead.

He—Don't you think marriages are made in Heaven?

She—Well, if all men were as slow as you they would have to be.

English teacher—What was Washington's Farewell Address?

Answer—Heaven.

SHORT STORIES.

Chapter 1—Ill

" 2—Pill

" 3—Bill

Chapter 1—Beau

" 2—Dough

" 3—Show

Chapter 1—Jug

" 2—Jag

" 3—Jugged

Her—You should have seen Mabel run the quarter mile.

It—What did she do it in?

Her—I don't know what you call the darn things.



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Second Jane—Mean! Why he is the sort of a fellow who would call on a girl seven nights a week all the year, and then pick a quarrel the night before Christmas.



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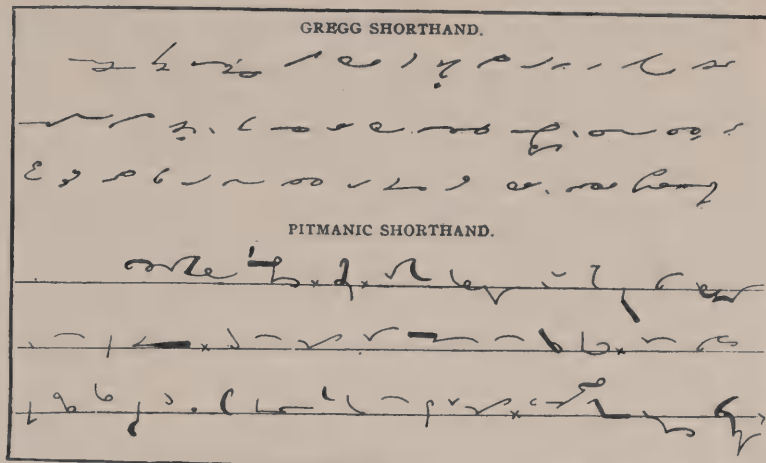
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Jake—I haf moved now.

Ike—So. Vy did you leaf that last place?

Jake—I couldn't stand the meals.

Ike—Vy?

Jake—The first veek ven I vas there, the cow died, und ve had beef all veek; der next veek, the calf died, and ve had veal all veek; the next veek the landlady died und I moved. I take no chances.

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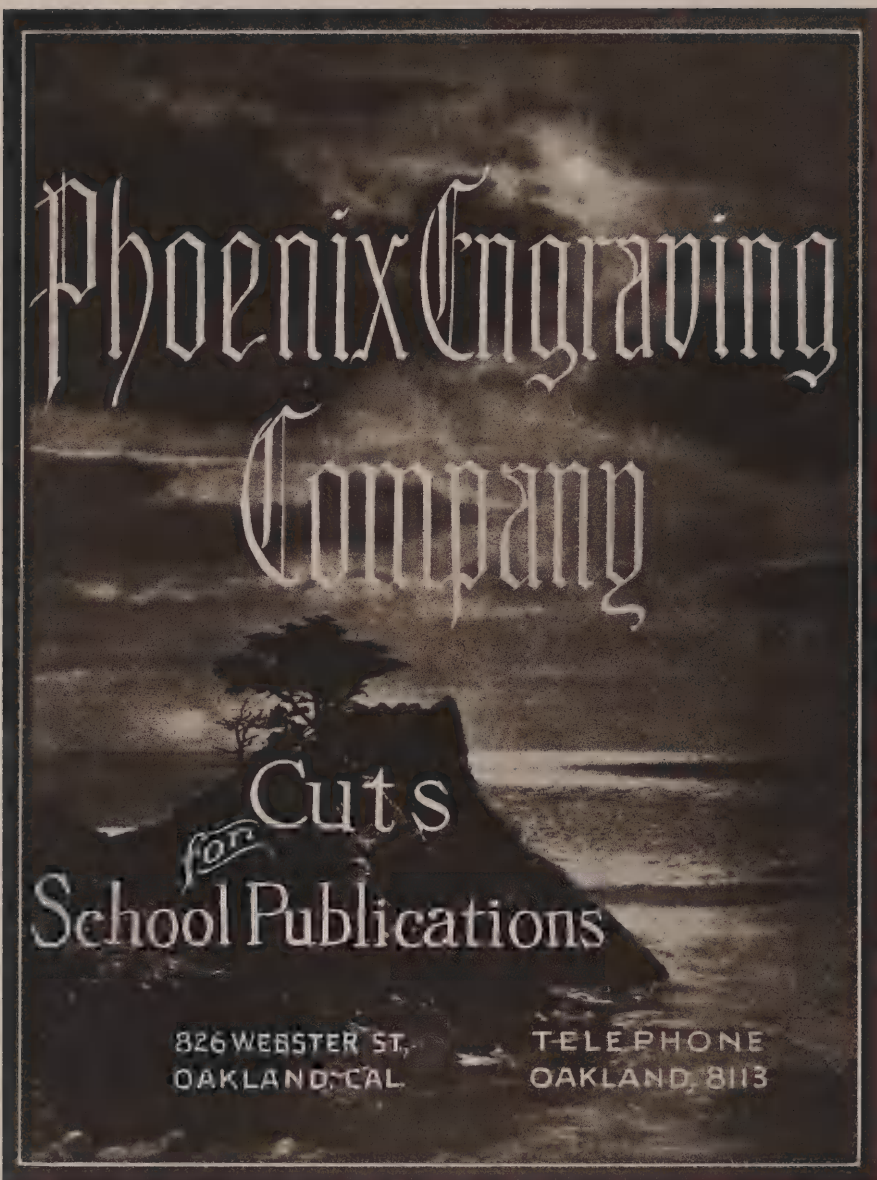
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He—No.

She—Or the grip?

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He—Oh yes.

She—And an antiseptic spray?

He—Surely.

She—Well, I suppose it must be,
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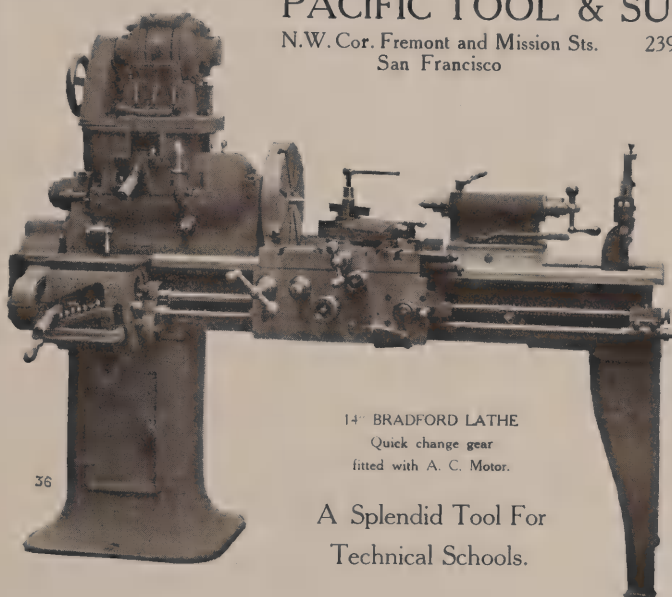
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